

THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

Issued in January, April, July and October

\$3.00 per year

3 East 43rd Street, New York

75 cents per copy

Enclosed please find Three Dollars in payment of One Year's Subscription to **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY** beginning with the **JULY, 1930**, issue.

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

FOUNDED IN 1915 BY RUDOLPH E. SCHIRMER

Under the Editorship of

VOL. 16, No. 3

O. G. SONNECK

JULY, 1930

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

At 3 East 43rd Street
New York, N. Y.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY

Entered as second-class matter December 31, 1914, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

G. SCHIRMER, Inc. NEW YORK

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Printed in the U. S. A.



THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. XVI

JULY, 1930

NO. 3

MUSIC, THE INVISIBLE ART

By WINTHROP PARKHURST

I

THE happiest hunting-ground for human absurdities is the field of music. As there is no mania like the mania of a genius, so there is no subject like eloquence for attracting bathos. Ordinary men and average subjects never manage to soar to great altitudes; but if they do not fly high, on the one hand, they do not fall hard, on the other. One can doubtless find dull and pointless theories on subjects ranging from cookery to criminology, but no chef and no penologist ever made a thorough fool of himself in expounding his hobby. If one wants to find complete folly, folly transcending every semblance of common foolishness, one must go those places where extremes are able to meet in grand collisions. Music, of all these places, is the place where such accidents occur oftenest.

The nature of the art of tone is (in the original sense of the adjective) a peculiar one. For music is unique in all particulars. It is different from literature, and it is different from painting and sculpture. Its materials are not drawn from a substance which men use daily in their intercourse, and it departs from the graphic and plastic arts in that it does not seek to imitate that world which both the latter arts boldly copy or slyly adumbrate. It stands quite alone in its method, and it stands very nearly alone in its mission. If it makes use of sound, the sounds it conjures with are distinct from the sounds in language; if it makes use of rhythm, its rhythms have no genuine counterpart on this planet; and if we say that it possesses colour and structure, its alleged colours might as properly be called odours (seeing that

the eye no more senses music than the nose does), whilst its structural properties are neither visible nor yet are tangible. As far as the ear alone is concerned, therefore, music and the other arts are independent—and no organ save the ear apprehends it.

Music is thus an art so utterly isolated, substantially and structurally speaking, that no other art is an actual check placed upon it. Nor is there any check of common sense, either, upon discussions of it. Faulty descriptions of music, in terms of the other senses, are hence impossible. What we might name a sheer error is a mere irrelevance. There is nothing demonstrably false in identifying a musical phrase with (1) a moonbeam, (2) the dance of an electron in an arc light, (3) the arrival of Fate at the front door, or (4) the departure of Fate by the back door. And this fact that all bets are off, so to speak, when we once begin to talk of music in some alien language, renders ridicule of any particular simile illegitimate. It is a plain abuse of the articulate privilege of human beings to describe the first four notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as a "Fate motif"; it is as plain an abuse of that same privilege to talk of "Butterfly" études and "Moonlight" sonatas. Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in C-sharp minor has no more to do with moonlight than with starlight, and no more to do with starlight than with gaslight; conversely, it has as much to do with Fate's knuckles as with illumination. But between the merits of such abuses no choice is possible. If one comparison is fond, the rest are folly.

It is one thing, however, to uphold the equality of various absurdities, and another to uphold those absurdities. The mystic's vocabulary, it so happens, makes me laugh more heartily as a musician than the vocabulary of any other man who, pretending to discuss music, prates of everything this side of the grave but the art tonal. And because I have been sickened for many years by the mystic's drivel, perhaps deriving from it more than my quota of sour snickers, I shall speak later of this particular tendency in current criticism. But before approaching the cabalistic sayings of these soothsayers, the door-step outside their temple must be darkened. It is well to pause there a moment, accustoming our ears to sounds foreign to music, and our minds to thoughts alien to mentality.

II

Some critic once observed that talking about music is like singing about economics; and it must be admitted that most conversation about music supports the apophthegm, for it is

commonly as strange a perversion of the subject as would be the transformation of *Das Kapital* into a lullaby. Deliberately, so it would seem, and persistently, so it must be admitted, outstanding features of the art of tone are neglected in order that native characteristics of other arts may be hymned vociferously. It is not enough that ordinary descriptive parts of speech, pertaining to foreign sense-data and borrowed as a makeshift for the moment, should be foisted upon an art that is purely aural; it is not enough that optical images should be saddled bodily upon an art that is as blind as Milton; every conceivable attempt is made, in tutored as well as in untutored discourse, to approach music as if it were a phenomenon to be gazed upon, stared at, studied with the eyes through a pair of spectacles, thought about with a pair of brain-lobes that are deaf congenitally.

It is only to be expected, naturally, that musical allusions should be occasionally framed in optical figures. The most vivid of our metaphors are visual ones. Most of us—Dr. Watson to the laryngeal contrary, notwithstanding—do the greater part of our thinking with our eye-balls, and no Sherlock Holmes is required to detect the reason: our sense of sight is more important than our gift for gabbling. Conceding a chronic tendency of the human race, and even humouring it upon necessity or for special reasons, is a matter radically different, however, from exploiting it in season and out of season. And nothing less than the exploitation of sensations which never at any time pertain to music—this, in sum, is the æsthetic nuisance I belabour. Until nausea lays me so low that toleration and gruel are my sole diet, I shall declaim against this nuisance which offends my nostrils. Until the thing is carted away, I shall blow to windward. . . .

It may be objected that I inveigh against sins that are venial. "After all," some one may reply, "these optical, tactual, thermal gustatory, and olfactory figures of speech, which enter into discussions of music, do no damage to the art itself and hence are harmless. Even granting that the majority of them are analytically useless, leaving the reader exactly where he was before he read them, they still can hardly corrupt his appreciation. After Fate has worn its knuckles bloody on fanciful front doors, the opening of Beethoven's symphony remains unaltered—three eighth-notes descending a major third in 2-4 rhythm. The entire work, indeed, would stand secure and unblemished though all the metaphors in the world were poured over it. Indignation and anxiety are hence both pointless. The worst that can be said of these non-aural allusions is to call them useless—and it is foolish

even to call them that, since their power to stimulate the imagination renders them, in the opinion of many men, distinctly useful."

Now, to this representative retort I have no rejoinder at all, with respect to the damage done to music. For, obviously, no damage is done to music. Reading rainbows and waterfalls into a musical composition no more hurts that musical composition than reading horse-power into a waterfall hurts the waterfall, or reading colours out of a rainbow hurts the rainbow. The physicist and the real-estate promoter, for all that they think in terms of æther-waves and industrial development, leave the waterfall and rainbow optical phenomena. But the attitude of the beholder is utterly altered, in so far as he is really persuaded to shift his viewpoint. And it is hence the grave injury worked upon an auditor's musical experience—which ceases to be a musical experience to the extent that it ceases to be an experience purely aural—that I speak of, protest against, and grieve for. For there is no offence against music that is commoner, and no act that is more antagonistic to its unique mission, than this violation of the very spirit of the art invisible. First of all and last of all it is an audible art, and he that hath ears to hear music will only keep them wide open when he keeps his eyes shut.

The tendency to approach music through the eye-ball is a special case of a visual tendency which is widespread. It seems to grow apace, in fact, with the centuries, and is well illustrated by another art, namely, literature. As more of us read, and as more of us read more than we used to read, the spoken word is being supplanted by the written—to such an extent, forsooth, that a great many persons have all but lost the power of judging a literary labour upon merely hearing it: they must *see* for themselves the printed symbols. And here, as I say, we have a striking instance of a symptom found in music—*i.e.*, a general tendency to approach the whole world as a spectacle. But (as I have also said) a visual approach to the musical art is not merely a reflection of a broad human tendency to stare at things; it is the perversion of a habit in a custom, and the hardening of a custom in a tradition. Moreover, to make matters still worse, other senses besides sight are invoked frequently. And finally—to treble the follies so far collated—all these insidious appeals to strictly non-aural phenomena are elaborated in descriptions and interpretations of music that not only miss the native significance of the art of tone, but also mar every reasonable hope that men will grasp it.

My gravamen is not, as a few may hastily suppose, program-music; for all program-music worthy of the second half of its title

is music standing in no need of a program. "Till Eulenspiegel," to take an example at random, is generally catalogued as a piece of program-music; in fact, Strauss himself has placed this work definitely in that category by fastening an anecdote to the tail of his orchestral witticism; that superb witticism, nevertheless, would touch the æsthetic funny bone of any musician were the anecdote omitted entirely, or were some lugubrious title substituted for it. For his jest is universal and not local. It would be quite as god-like in its humour were it called "Reflections on the Rise of Prohibition."¹ And any other example of program-music that is worthy of a musical ranking with this modern masterpiece would tell exactly the same story: it needs no story. Indeed, as I am maintaining, a story not only is no help: it is a positive hindrance. It adulterates our attention by soliciting it with extra-aural matters which, being no part of music itself, are a sheer impertinence; and, in adulterating our attention, it corrupts it. What I berate, and what I bewail, therefore, is not so-called program-music which needs no program; it is the pernicious popular custom, which is a custom twice as pernicious for being popular, of trying to turn all compositions into vehicles of extraneous sensations; of reading pictures into a tonal universe which has neither sun, moon, nor stars wherewith to light them, and which in consequence are simply furniture to stumble over. It is this custom, followed by nearly every program-annotator before the event, and again followed by nearly every critic after the event, which I am naming not only a folly but a downright perversion of the art's central mission, for it is fundamentally at variance with music's purpose. In that music is an aural art it is, I repeat, an invisible art; but besides being an aural art its substance is altogether unworldly, even with respect to its very materials; and until this basic doctrine is fully recognized, every approach to the art of tone is half-way faulty.

III

It is the utterly unworldly character of music—its repudiation of all else save its own substance—that gives permanent point to

¹I am grieved to have to report that Mr. Ernest Newman thrusts his neck through my halter. His defence of program-music is familiar, but the reader may have overlooked a passage (*Musical Studies*, p. 154) that seems almost to have been penned for this very foot-note. "Let any one listen to 'Till Eulenspiegel' [he says] with no more knowledge of the composer's intentions than is given in the title, and I can understand him failing to make head or tail of it." What Strauss himself would say to this is conjectural; but if he has as much respect for his own music as I have, I fancy hearing him murmur, like the man who had just reached the guillotine: "This is the unkindest cut of all!"

the criticism which I have vented. But it is that same unworldly character, it is to be noted, which leads various persons to approach the art mystically, and this scribe to indulge some sour laughter.

True enough, like mathematics, music seems to invite a mystical attitude, being as indifferent as the binomial theorem to the infelicities and ambitions of the universe. Its struggles are resolved entirely within itself, and its ambitions point inward rather than outward. At every moment it is self-contained and self-sufficient, being tormented only by a desire for fresh achievements which, as soon as they become articulate, are accomplished. In a sentence, it is a chaos contained within a cosmos, and again is a cosmos within a chaos; and, under the circumstances, a little mysticism seems natural and almost necessary. Nevertheless, as I have confessed, nothing amuses me more as a musician than discussions of music by mystics. And it is now time to explain why my laughter curdles. It is time to attend to that particular collision caused by a meeting between the art of tone and the hooded gentry.

I might scoop up a handful of that gentry, but I shall confine myself to the soothsayings of a single member. Would you be instructed in the meaning of music? Would you like to have the high-up low-down on the esoteric significance of a single tone—say E? Would you care to learn, not only what the single tone E signifies, but also what it is spiritually related to? Then hearken to this solemn revelation:

The tone E is *mana consciousness*. Its correspondence among the elements is the air. That consciousness is half-human, half of the earth. It is the state of semi-conscious infancy. In the adult it is that state of semi-consciousness which is manifest in moods. By a semitone E slides into F, the passions; as B, the dream, slides by a semitone into C, which is intuition. . . .

This, as a beginning, is excellent. Especially when you are in a state of semi-consciousness, E would seem to be taken care of ably. We not only know what E is, but we also know what E slides into. However, this is only a beginning; for, besides being *mana consciousness* and possessing a heretofore unsuspected talent for sliding, E overflows with other talents fully as remarkable. For:

To revert to E, in its relation to the sky it is the wind; relating to the earth it is a tree; relating to man it is a mood. It refers to the air and to sound; therefore, with reference to art it is music. The corresponding colour is green (chrome green). In taste, the nearest approach to its correspondence is chicken liver. The gesture corresponding to E is from right to left.

Here the inner nature of a single tone—E—is unrolled before us. It is green (chrome green) in colour, it is a wind, it is a tree, it looks like a gesture from right to left, and, finally, its flavour is of chicken-liver. What E sounds like we are left to conjecture, for this author draws a veil over this not wholly irrelevant little detail. But musical truth is too great a thing to be left hidden; therefore, in case you did not already know it,

Scriabin wrote ten sonatas; and although the number may have been chance, it may also have been, since he was a theosophist, that the ten sonatas conform in some way to the ten Sephiroth of the Qabalah.

Of course, you may conceivably dissent from this. You may be so sceptical as to ascribe Beethoven's nine symphonies to a cause far removed from the fact that the number of the classical muses was nine also. But you dissent at your own risk. For you must remember that "the scale tone and tonic of the Dorian mode represent Saturn and the Sun, Leo and Capricorn, the triangle and the hexagon"—to say nothing of the other tidbits already mentioned—and there is no telling at all what might not issue from such colossal versatility.

I myself, as I have confessed, am amused inordinately by examples of such insanity, the source of which I leave anonymous in kindness to a very competent concert pianist. But my mirth is very sour indeed around the corners. It is pitiful that any one the hither side of Bedlam should publish the doggerel I have quoted verbatim as musical analysis. Nor is it more cheerful to realise that these puerile would-be interpretations, these revelations that reveal naught but the interpreter's ability to compound nonsense, reflect a woolly state of mind notoriously widespread.

On the other hand, whilst the mouthings of the mystics are certainly funny, the joke after all is only a special case of a more popular, and a hardly less perfect, absurdity—namely, the continual confounding of the isolated character of music, and the translating of what is plain music into plain obscurity. And since my wrath is aimed primarily at the whole target, a chrome-green bull's-eye tasting like chicken-liver is unimportant.

A shining instance of this general folly is the attribution to different keys, differing only in pitch, of special qualities:

C-major expresses feeling in a pure, certain, and decisive manner. G-major expresses sincerity of faith. A-major excels all the other keys in portraying sincerity of feeling. A-minor is . . . most effective for exhibiting the quiet melancholy sentiment of northern nations.

It was such nonsense as this that Edmund Gurney, in his *Power of Sound*, ridiculed mercilessly and justly a half-century

ago. And longer ago than that, Schumann took a thrust at the poet Schubart for insisting that E-minor was "a girl dressed in white with a rose-coloured breastknot"—a sartorial gem certainly on a par with Franck's illuminating belief that the key of F-sharp major is "the light of heaven."

What, fundamentally, is the cause of this prevalent malady? Why is it all but impossible, apparently, for apparently intelligent people to discuss and appraise music in terms of anything save the optic nerve, the palate, and the nostrils? The only explanation I can think of is a touch of madness, and whether it is possible to administer a cure, I am doubtful. All I am confident of is that musical appreciation is certain to suffer until every alien sensation is routed out as an impertinence, and until every mention of one is publicly regarded as a confession of the deafness of auditors. Musical appreciation, until that fair dawn, will remain swathed and slobbering in its swaddling clothes.

THE MUSICAL ÆSTHETICS OF THE COMTE DE GOBINEAU

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

IT is a matter of general knowledge that the Count spent the winter of 1881-1882 at Bayreuth in the company of Wagner, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. The titles of his principal works, however—"Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines," "Histoire des Perses," or "Otto Jarl, pirate norvégien"—would not lead one to think that he was greatly interested in music. Though the field is somewhat barren for the gleaners, there is yet meaning in what little we actually do reap. Gobineau shows himself as a symbol of the French scholar, the intelligent intellectual who is incapable of loving music for its own sake. He is a man who interprets, an analyst who, though devoid of technical culture, is determined to supersede mere sensation. He justifies musical sensation only when reflection carries him away into the realm of imagination and literary expression.

From the beginning of his career we become aware of that mental acumen he showed when, as a linguist, he interprets phonetic phenomena. Like Wilhelm von Humboldt, he is convinced that sounds in language are not applied to ideas in any fortuitous manner, but that their choice has been directed by the recognition of a certain logical relationship between external noises picked up by the ear of man and an image which his throat or his tongue wished to reproduce.

Without carrying remarks, true in themselves, right into the domain of the fantastic, it is possible to admit that primitive language was able, as far as possible, to use impressions of hearing in the forming of some categories of words, and that, in the creation of the rest, it was guided by a sense of the mysterious relationships between certain notions of an abstract nature and certain particular noises. Thus, for instance, the sound of *i* seems fitted to express dissolution; that of *w*, physical and moral vagueness, the wind, vows or prayers; that of *m*, the condition of motherhood. This doctrine, confined within very prudent limits, finds its application with sufficient frequency to compel the recognition that there is some reality in it, though, indeed, it cannot be employed too cautiously, under penalty of finding oneself wandering along a dark, unlit path where common sense soon goes grievously astray.

These few hints and indications, though poor and feeble, show that material necessity alone has not controlled the formation of languages and that men have employed their highest powers in the task. In no

arbitrary fashion have they applied sounds to things and ideas. In this matter, they have acted only by virtue of a pre-established order whose revelation they found within themselves.¹

If from phonetics we pass to music, we see how Gobineau feeds his hatred for the arbitrary and the unexplained, and satisfies his liking for concrete and logical interpretation. He upholds the theory that genius in the arts is close akin to madness, that their creative cause dwells, not in the prudent, organising feelings of our nature, but in the "revolt of the senses"; that if it was the civilisation of the white races that invented laws, instilled discipline, "in a word, acted reasonably," then the source from which sprang the arts (and principally music) must be alien to the civilising instincts of the white races, and, consequently, be "hidden away in the blood of the black races." Hence it follows that pure music shares in the sensual life alone, that it strictly belongs to Negro art and is of value only when the mind transforms it in some way. An attempt is made to prove this in a passage of the "Essai" (II, 7), where everything concurs to increase "the exercise of thought":

It will be alleged that I am placing a beautiful wreath on the unshapely head of the Negro and doing him very great honour when I make him the centre of the harmonious choir of the Muses. The honour is not so great as is imagined. I did not say that all the Pierides were there assembled; the noblest are absent, *those who trust to reflection*, those who desire beauty in preference to passion. Again, what is required in order to make a lyre? A fragment of shell, and a few pieces of wood. I am not aware that any one has ever attributed to the crawling tortoise, to the cypress, or even to the entrails of swine or the metal from the mine, the merits of a musician's song: and yet, without these necessary ingredients, where would be our melodious music, our inspired songs?

Assuredly, the black element is indispensable for developing artistic genius in a race, because we have seen how much fire and flame, enthusiasm and inconsiderateness, dwells within it, and to what extent imagination, that mirror of sensuality, along with all the cravings towards matter, make it calculated to receive the impressions produced by the arts, in a degree of intensity utterly unknown to the other human families. This is my starting-point, and, if there were nothing more to add, the Negro would certainly stand forth as the lyrical poet, the musician, the sculptor *par excellence*.

But this is not all; other considerations largely modify the aspect of the question. The Negro is indeed the human creature most powerfully affected by artistic emotion, though on the one indispensable condition that *his intellect* has penetrated its meaning and grasped its bearing. But if you show him the Juno of Polycletes, it is doubtful whether he will admire it. He does not know what Juno is, and this marble image, intended to represent certain transcendental ideas of beauty that are

¹"Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines," I, 15.



The Comte de Gobineau
(After a pencil sketch by the Countess La Tour)



even more unknown to him, will leave him as cold and indifferent as the expounding of a problem in algebra. Similarly, if you translate for him some lines from the *Odyssey*, in particular the meeting of Ulysses with Nausicaa, the sublime peak of reflective inspiration: he will fall asleep. In all beings, if sympathy is to show forth, *the mind must previously have understood*; herein lies the difficulty with the Negro—whose mind is obtuse, incapable of rising above the lowest levels—the moment he has to *reflect, to compare, to deduce consequences*. The artistic sensitiveness of this being, in itself potent beyond expression, will thus of necessity be restricted to the most paltry uses. It will become passionately enflamed . . . for what? For ridiculous and highly coloured images. It will thrill in adoration before a hideous block of wood, more profoundly stirred, infinitely more entranced by this degrading spectacle than ever was the refined soul of Pericles at the feet of Olympian Jupiter. This is because the Negro can raise his thought to the ridiculous image, the block of shapeless wood, whereas when confronted with true beauty, this thought is deaf and dumb and blind from birth. And so in this direction there is no training possible for it. Also, among all the arts that the melanian prefers, music comes first, *in so far as it charms his ear by a succession of sounds and makes no demand on the thinking part of his brain*. The Negro is very fond of music; he plays it to excess, and yet! how alien he remains to those subtle conventions whereby European imagination has learnt to ennoble the sensations!

In Paolino's charming air from "*The Secret Marriage*"; *Pria che spunti in ciel l'aurora*, etc., the sensuality of the enlightened white man, guided by science and reflection, will make a picture for itself, as it were, from the very first bars. *The magic of sounds* evokes around him a fantastic horizon whereon the early rays of dawn beam out upon the already azure vault. The happy listener feels the cool breath of a spring morning bespread and permeate this ideal atmosphere into which he is ravished. The flowers open; they shake off the dew and subtly spread their odours over the moist turf already strewn with their petals. The gate of the garden opens, and, beneath the vine and the clematis which half conceal it, appear in close embrace the two lovers, on the point of flight. *A delightful dream! The senses gently lift the mind and bear it away to those ideal spheres where memory and inclination offer it all that is most delightful and dainty and pleasing.*

The Negro sees nothing of all this; he does not understand it in the least; and yet, if his instincts can but be roused, his enthusiasm and emotion will be far more intense than the restrained delight and satisfaction of cultured people.

I can imagine a Bambara listening to one of the airs that please him. His face is aflame; his eyes glow. He laughs, and his wide mouth shows his sharp white teeth shining in the middle of his dusky countenance. Then comes real enjoyment; the African clings to his seat; you would think, as he crouches there, his legs bent under him, that he was trying, by lessening the surface-extent of his body, to concentrate more completely within his breast and his head the irritating tumultuous heavings of maddening satisfaction through which he is passing. Inarticulate sounds attempt to force their way through his throat, all convulsed by passion; great tears roll down his protruding cheeks; another moment, and he will cry out. The music stops: he is limp as a rag.

In our refined habits we have converted art into something so closely bound up with all that is most sublime in intellectual meditation and scientific suggestion, that only with a certain amount of effort, and abstractedly, as it were, are we able to conceive of dancing as art. For the Negro, on the other hand, dancing, along with music, is of the most irresistible and passionate interest. This is because sensuality is almost—if not altogether—everything in dancing. Consequently, it occupied a very important place in the public and private life of the Assyrians and the Egyptians, and where the ancient world of Rome encountered it in its strangest and most thrilling aspects, we moderns also seek it; among the Semitic peoples of Spain, principally at Cadiz.

And so musical enjoyment, which is an end in itself, the joy which a musical soul may find in simply hearing a detached chord, would appear to be only an inferior type of enjoyment, worthy of the grotesque Bambara. The fact is, Gobineau belongs to that class of intellect which cannot conceive of musical pleasure apart from an imaginative interpretation. For this conception, music itself, at the time of the author and in the form of opera or symphonic poem, is partially responsible: the intellectual and visual element only too clearly aims at thrusting the musical element into the background. When Wagner requested his friends to shut their eyes, or to look elsewhere than on the stage, he clearly saw the ambiguous character of all lyrical work. On the other hand; the program-music of such men as Berlioz and Liszt—who were both quite as literary as they were musical—has in no slight measure contributed to maintain the illusion which proclaims that there is no music without definite evocations placed above the notes which they end by ejecting.

This precisely is the spirit in which Conrad, one of the characters in Gobineau's novel "*Les Pléiades*," likes to hear the Countess Tonska sing: because of the images which her singing suggests to him. She sings Serbian, Cossack and Circassian airs. The Serbian airs cause the listener to wander "through the forests of Herzegovina"; the Cossack airs induce him to cross "the steppes of the Ukraine behind the Cossack's funeral procession"; the Circassian airs make him "ride off on horseback" and lay bare the secrets of the harem. "She sang, and at the same time *she talked*." Highest praise of all: her singing is a pictured conversation, a travel narrative; therefore Conrad is perfectly right in praising her for those "descriptions" which the song conveys to his mind.

This need for description is closely akin to psychological analysis: after the description for the eye, through the notes, comes the description for the soul. Few writers escape this.

Gobineau, in one of his best novels, "*La Danseuse de Shamakha*," describes as follows the feelings of a civilised individual on rediscovering a piece of music that had long been forgotten:

They seemed to be nothing but isolated chords, notes following each other without any purpose whatsoever linked them to one another. Gradually an air emerged from this uncertain melody, exactly like some ethereal apparition which rises from the depths of a fog, gradually approaches, and is recognised. A prey to irrepressible emotion, violent curiosity and an overwhelming memory, Assanof raised his head and listened. Oh! it was clear that he was listening intently, with mind and heart and soul! The Swiss have their *Ranz des Vaches*; the Scotch, the droning call of the bagpipe. Assanof found himself caught up by just such a wave of emotion.

Music, then has a part to play in rousing and increasing amorous passion. This discovery, from the time of Senancour and the Germans, is one of the most characteristic in romanticism. Gobineau makes it in his turn; and so once more we see justified what M. Seillière has ingeniously called his "romantisme instinctif." Though he affects not to fall victim to the feelings and passions of his characters, he is yet defenceless in the presence of the holy and sacred and poetical emotions aroused by music. In "*Les Pléiades*," that ingenious and complex psychological mechanism, Gobineau attributes to music the same importance as George Sand, his contemporary, does in her novels: and the meeting of the ironical diplomat with the inspired communist, in the musical analysis of passion, is not without a savour of its own. Most of the romantic themes of "*Consuelo*" or of "*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*" are found in "*Les Pléiades*," and each of the principal characters—Countess Tonska, Conrad Lanze, Liliane, Wilfrid More, Harriet,¹ makes music accord with emotion. No need to say that the love between the Countess and Conrad is liberated through the agency of music. This good old romantic theme is not something isolated in the case of Gobineau: in the narrative of the "*Mouchoir rouge*," a young man sings "an air by Solomo, the Zantiot poet and musician," and his voice produces a powerful impression on the heroine, an evident sign (notes a chance observer) that she loves the singer. Similarly, in the *Chasse au Caribou*, young Jenny as she sings an Irish melody, brings tears and "a look instinct with love" into the eyes of her friend. With the musical theme Gobineau adroitly blends the visual theme: the Countess's adorable hands, "slender and exquisite in form, of the whiteness of marble, so active, agile and

¹Another heroine is named Aurora Pamina, probably reminiscent of "*The Magic Flute*."

skilful," make Conrad lightheaded as they move up and down the keyboard. Later, when alone and unhappy, the Countess sings "a psalm of Marcello" to console herself; and the very choice of this music carries us back to the well-known preferences—in their novels, at least—of Sand and Balzac.

Conrad in love does not dishonour the romantic lineage of "finished" artists. Just as George Sand's Teverino, an excellent painter, is also an excellent musician, so Conrad Lanze, the sculptor, is very fond of Rossini and is not afraid of playing before the Countess a waltz of his own composition: twin brother of the Frédéric in the "Education sentimentale" who composes German waltzes, elder brother of Octave Feuillet's Jacques de Lerne,¹ who composes "symphonies of quite superior merit."

In Liliane, Conrad's sister, we see how refined becomes the musical sense in proportion to the growth of passion. Very young and knowing nothing of love, Liliane plays without any emotion whatsoever, "like a child who has not yet felt anything." On becoming engaged to be married, however, everything changes, and the emotion in her playing is now to vie with that in her heart. Evidently, Gobineau considers that "to play an adagio in such fashion as to show that one understands it" is a sign of amorous ecstasy. We are now within measurable reach of Murger himself.

The other characters are musically analysed or defined as though they were taken from the pages of the "Vie de Bohème." Wilfrid More says of his friend Harriet: "She played upon my thoughts and feelings as on the keys of a piano." Harriet herself cultivated her mind in solitude "beyond ordinary bounds, like the nightingale cultivating her voice to sing in the wilderness." Could one have believed that the "theme of music" was thus to lead astray Gobineau's dainty appreciation of it? This ironist, a friend of Mérimée, cannot resist the temptation of seriously linking together music and love. He even goes so far as to write in the "Vie de Voyage": "The song that the two lovers felt humming in their hearts burst forth like a symphony whose chords and accents filled the whole of their being." From this we see how even the most original intellects, the minds most sure of themselves, are influenced by the age in which they live—and his age was one that could not evoke love without a musical accompaniment—an accompaniment uncertain and artificial, imperiously verbal, though necessary all the same.

And now we come to Wagner. H. S. Chamberlain tells us that Wagner, when on a journey to Italy in 1876, met Gobineau,

¹"Histoire d'une Parisienne."

who became a frequent guest of his at Bayreuth. Fired by the reading of "La Renaissance," he immediately bore witness, before his fellow-countrymen, to the talent of the writer; and so the *cénacle* of Bayreuth laid the foundation of Gobineau's fame. *Gobinisme* in Germany is partially to be explained by the belief of the Wagnerians that Gobineau had exercised considerable influence over the Master, and this illusion led them "to exalt immoderately a star that was dazzling enough momentarily to impart its own illumination to so great a satellite." Consequently, to praise Gobineau was indirectly to praise Wagner. The Bayreuth faithful at once imagined they recognised, in the portrait of Michelangelo drawn by Gobineau in his "Renaissance," the "instinctive and anticipated" portrait of Wagner himself.

Hence it follows that many regard German *Gobinisme* as a Bayreuthian mission: the memory of one of the few men who could claim Wagner as a friend must be preserved.¹ Here it is not our business to seek out the ideas common to both: these have but the faintest connection with music. Wagner the philosopher is interested in Gobineau; Gobineau the thinker is interested in Wagner and follows the fashion of his time by approaching Wagnerism along the bypaths of metaphysics and literature. In the Wagnerian theatre, Gobineau admires what he had already admired—long before his visit to Bayreuth—in the Persian theatre as described in his "Religions dans l'Asie centrale": the sublime expression of national and religious life, the manifestation of a priesthood. "Tristan" pleases him far less for its music than for its philosophy representing the "triumph in death," which he in his turn extols in "Amadis." M. Thérive has abundant grounds for writing as follows:

It is no exaggeration to say that this symbolic epic poem, however execrable it be, counts in the history of Wagnerism. . . . A surprising

¹Not, indeed, that Wagner says much about Gobineau in his writings. In them we find: a few pages of preface (X, 33, Breitkopf's popular edition) for the only article that Gobineau contributed to the "Bayreuther Blätter" (May-June, 1881): *Un jugement sur l'état actuel du monde*;—a few allusions (1881) in "Religion and Art" (2nd part, X, 275), in the open letter (1882) to Friedrich Schön of Worms (X, 292), and in a note (1883) to H. von Stein (X, 317). On the 3rd of June, 1881, Wagner dedicated to Gobineau (Germanised into "Gowinhof") his complete works, in the four following lines (XII, 387):

Das wäre ein Bund—
Normann' und Sachse;
was da noch gesund,
das blüh' und wachse.

The "Bayreuther Blätter" also published two articles in memory of Gobineau: the one, anonymous: *Graf Arthur Gobineau, ein Erinnerungslied aus Wahnfried* (Nov.-Dec., 1882); the other by Philipp von Hertefeld (probably a pseudonym for Eulenburg): *Eine Erinnerung an Graf Arthur Gobineau* (May, 1886).

blend of fairy tales and of ethnology, a theogony, an opera, even an *opéra comique*: such is this unfinished "*Amadis*", which no one will ever attempt to summarise and certainly not to understand.¹ In it the author leaves with us the hope that music, in the decline of the feudal society which he describes, will come and console the world through the agency of Tannhäuser, to whom allusion is made in an innocent allegory:

Alors mes enfants, c'est la chevalerie
Qui revient et prend soin de la plante flétrie.
Quels sublimes concerts. . . . Les grottes du Taunus
Pressent le ménestrel dans les bras de Vénus.

Associated, at the time of the "Essai," with the Bambara, music now becomes, from consideration for Wagner, a beneficent fairy named Urgande. All the same, the thought of Gobineau has not varied. If there is nothing apart from sensual enjoyment, this enjoyment is nothing without intellectual interpretation to refine it. Doubtless Gobineau, in his latter years, smiled at his early idea which regarded the power of art (and especially of music) over the masses as in direct ratio to the amount of black blood flowing in their veins. Doubtless, as Seillière says in "*Le comte de Gobineau et l'aryanisme historique*": "Richard Wagner would at a later period have had much to forgive in his friend, had this latter persisted in his youthful attitude towards æsthetics. How indeed could one justify by such an ethnical interpretation the moral rôle of Germanic music, the regenerating mission of the art of Bayreuth, the wholly popular affinities of a theatre revived by musical drama?" This is perfectly true, but it cannot be said that Gobineau ever found in music the pleasure that Wagner would have liked to see him find in it. We see this clearly in the scanty attention he pays to the music of his period (only once, in "*Ternove*," does one of the characters chance to hum *un air d'opéra comique*) as also to the Oriental music which he heard so frequently in the course of his many travels.

Whereas Gérard de Nerval is passionately fond of Oriental airs and instruments, Gobineau is content to note that the musicians have a light guitar or *târ*, a kind of rebeck or *kemantjtek*, a *rebab* and a tambourine;² that in all Asiatic music "the rhythm must be very pronounced," that the melody accompanying the *lesghy* dance is "barbarous," and that artillery music consists of oboes and tambourines.³ Such music calls for passive enjoyment,

¹*Revue Universelle* (Mai 1, 1922): *Gobineau poète*. M. Thérive also notes in Gobineau the obsession of imitative harmony and the melodic, "even symphonic," sense which already showed itself in the collection "*Aphroïssa*," where the *Petite Chanson* of a Gipsy girl is written "with the intention of considering both the words and the lines as pure notes and cadences."

²"La Danseuse de Shamakha."

³"Histoire de Gamber-Aly."

and this has but slight interest for him. Hence, in the sphere of French education, we come upon a Gobineau who is preëminently and essentially traditional. Hence, too, he remains one of the purest champions of "the exercise of thought." And may it not be this exercise of thought which, in "Les Pléiades," gives to Harriet, who is not beautiful, that which is "more than Beauty"?

(Translated by Fred Rothwell)

SOME OBSCURE ENGLISH DIARISTS AND THEIR MUSIC

By EVA MARY GREW

PEPYS, as all the world that reads about music and musicians is aware, brings music very freely and plentifully into his famous diary. And he is not the only English diarist of the first rank to do that. His contemporary, Evelyn, was a lover of music, and *his* diary—more staid than that of Pepys—contains some quite notable disquisitions upon the art and upon his experiences of it. But our leading diarists in the nineteenth century did not form part of so truly musical a generation as those of the seventeenth and eighteenth, and of all the great men and women of the Victorian epoch who kept these daily records of thoughts and experiences, George Eliot is the only one—so far as my reading goes—to speak of music in a way to interest and instruct musicians.

Diary reading is as delightful as diary keeping. Every new book of this kind which I take in hand thrills me with the expectation that I may find a new friend in the writer, and chance upon some hitherto unknown kinship with a man or woman long dead. Failing this, there remains the prospect of discovering fresh light on old subjects, shining still from remote periods, or of being entertained with accounts of some very personal hobby or a description of some object of curiosity.

Professional musicians do not appear to be specially blessed with the genius for making journals of the kind to satisfy my desires for novel entertainment and direct human associations in this direction. The public life they live makes them, perhaps, too self-conscious. Their rather exclusive preoccupation with their art certainly prevents them from being genial, general, and discursive in the right diarist's manner and tone. Spohr's "Autobiography," compiled as it was from a set of day-by-day notes, is more or less an exception, because of the delightful simple-mindedness of the author: he speaks about himself all the while with the ingenuousness of a child. Burney's "Memorials," like his "Travels," is a book thoroughly alive to-day for any reader of an imaginative turn of mind. But for the rest (Wagner excepted, though he was no diarist) it is by their letters, and not by what-

ever current records they happened to keep, that musicians give the kind of pleasure and instruction I have in mind. Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann are among the great letter-writers, almost as much as Shelley is; and since we have their correspondence with friends, we do not lament that we have no actual diaries by them.

As a literary form—if it be a true literary form—the diary flourished mainly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days" is, in certain respects of style and matter, something of a survival from those earlier times, allowance being made for the great nature of the man and the tremendous years in which he lived.) So very characteristic is the diary of the eighteenth-century man of culture that it can be imitated. Thus we had published in England recently (by Williams and Norgate, Ltd.) a book called "A Diary of an Eighteenth-century Garden," written by Dion Clayton Calthrop; into which come a few passing musical references, though only as to music as a part of social life:

The church choir to visit me with carols of that good King who did look out on the feast of Stephen and many others. Mighty pretty to see and to hear, with lanthorns gleaming on the snow and the cobbler playing on his fiddle.

Few of us can, however, search out the diaries of obscure men and women of the past, most of them remaining still in private hands and existing only in the original manuscripts. We are therefore compelled to give ourselves up to the guidance of such literary explorers and enthusiasts as Arthur Ponsonby, and to be content with what they bring home from their wanderings. Mr. Ponsonby's own cargoes are rich enough. The latest is called "More English Diaries," adventuring among which I discovered for myself many curious bales and bundles of that merchandise which is music.

Here, for example, is a note made one day in 1672, by a Sir Justinian Isham:

Mr. Jackson the music master who formerly lived with us came here. He has now got a good engagement at Norwich, which brings him in at least forty pounds per annum. There came with him a gentleman named Stepkins from Sir William Langham's, the like of whom you will scarcely find in all England to play so well upon the fiddle. Sir William Langham came in the afternoon and having staid a short time went home with Jackson.

History knows nothing of this Mr. Jackson, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Nor does it know of a Stepkins. But it

certainly knows of a Steffkins; and so Sir Justinian could not have caught his name aright, or (what is more likely) when his diary came to be printed, the printer read Steffkins as Stepkins, and no one noticed the error. There were two brothers of the name: Dietricht, the elder, was a member of Charles I's band; Theodore, "a foreign professor of the lute and the viol," was acclaimed in this year of 1672 by Thomas Salmon in an important "Essay on the Advancement of Music." Two of Theodore's sons played later in the royal band of King William and Queen Mary. And of all this I knew nothing, until the obscure diarist of 1672 inspired me to open and search through the dictionaries.

Anthony Wood is not obscure, since he is one of the more celebrated of the antiquarian authors of the second rank in his century, the seventeenth. He always refers to himself in the third person, using the initials A. W.; thus:

Tho. Baltzar, a Lubecker borne, and the most famous Artist for the Violin that the World has yet produced, was now [1658] in Oxon, and this day A. W. was with him and Mr. Ed. Low, lately organist of Ch. Church, at the Meeting-House of Will. Ellis. A. W. did then and there, to his very great astonishment, heare him play on the Violin. He then saw him run up his Fingers to the end of the Finger-board of the Violin, and run them back insensibly, and all with alacrity and in very good tune, which he nor any in England saw the like before. . . . The Company perceiving A. W. standing behind in a corner neare the dore, they haied him in among them, and play, forsooth, he must against him. Whereupon he being not able to avoid it, he took up a Violin, and behaved himself as poor Troylus did against Achilles. He was abash'd at it, yet honour he got by playing with and against such a grand Master as Baltzar was. Mr. Davis Mell was accounted hitherto the best for the Violin in England, as I have before told you; but after Baltzar came into England, and shew'd his most wonderful parts on that instrument, Mell was not so admired; yet he play'd sweeter, was a well-bred Gentleman, and not given to excessive drinking as Baltzar was.

This Mell was a clock-maker by trade, but he became a member of Charles II's band. Baltzar was leader of the King's band of twenty-four violins; he died at the age of thirty-three, and his grave is in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

Anthony Wood was a progressivist. He adopted the violin while yet it was scorned:—

The gentlemen in privat meetings which A. W. frequented, play'd three, four, and five parts all with viols, as treble-viol, tenor, counter-tenor and bass, with either an organ or virginal or harpsicon joyn'd with them; and they esteem'd a violin to be an instrument only belonging to a common fiddler, and could not indure that it should come among them for feare of making their meetings to be vaine and fiddling.

That word *fiddle* was used long before the violin was invented. The Elizabethan dramatists have "fiddle-faddle" to signify a trifle; and the people of that time who despised music as something of little or no importance called all playing "fiddling." A. W. shows us in his diary how fiddle would be applied in scorn to the violin ("little viol"), until as so often happens, the thing adopted its term of ridicule and converted it into a term of affection. (As the name of a musical instrument, this word goes back to Saxon times.)

Returning for another moment to A. W.—who lived practically all his life in the same set of rooms in Merton Lane, Oxford—he tells us that he had "from his most tender years an extraordinary ravishing delight in music," and that bell-ringing was one of his hobbies. He, like King Charles II, was drawn to the violin because it was "more airy and brisk" than the viol.

A diarist named James Woodforde, whose years lay in the middle of the eighteenth century, visits some friends:

I there saw an Instrument which Mrs. Custance played on that I never saw or heard before. It is called Sticcardo Pastorale. It is very soft music indeed. It is several long pieces of glass laid in order in a case, resting on each end of every piece of glass and is played in the middle parts of the glasses by two little sticks with Nobbs at the end of them striking the glass. It is a very small Instrument and looks when covered like a working Box for ladies.

Mr. Woodforde does not cast his sentences well, though his meaning is clear enough. The instrument Mrs. Custance played on is properly called a Harmonica. The name Sticcardo (*sticcato*) was used when the vibrating material was wood, the learned term for the wooden instrument being *Ligneum Psalterium*. A hundred or so years ago the instrument was known in Germany as the Xyloharmonica or Xylosistrum. To-day it is the Xylophone, and its tone has changed, so that Saint-Saëns can bring it into his "Danse Macabre" to suggest the rattle of dry bones and the creak of skeletons. The instrument hails originally from Russia, Poland and Tartary; the pieces of wood were laid on belts of straw, and so it was called a "straw-fiddle."—Mr. James Woodforde should have written *pastrole*, not *pastorale*, the former being the right word.

Gilbert White, of Selbourne, the famous naturalist, had a parson brother, Henry, the rector of Fyfield in Hampshire. The Rev. Henry White and his family were energetic musicians. They owned a pianoforte, a spinet, a violin, and a 'cello, and could therefore make themselves into a modest orchestra.

Mr. White himself had some practical knowledge—he could even requill and tune the harpsichord. His diary contains many notes concerning his musical interests.

Dined at Redenham with Mr. and Mrs. Butcher; Chute Lodge family came to tea. Whist instead of Music, dreadful alternative. Alas! Alas! Alas! [We sympathise with the Rev. Henry, we who have so often been martyrs of politeness to a Chute Lodge family.] Harpsichord unpacked and brt. very safe. Its touch is not inferior to that of any new instrument and ye tone very soft and equal to any new or old and it is very complete indeed and well worth ye expense. . . . Began tuning ye Harpsichord and quilling it. Took out ye Piano top and discovered ye reason of ye keys sticking so sadly, it was ye want of more play in ye pinholes and also casting of two of ye long keys Mr. Pether's wood not being well seasoned; soon rectified by ye assistance of ye carpr. . . . Harpsichord carried upstairs for ye summer.

The composer Gluck had *his* harpsichord carried out into a flowering meadow for the summer when in the mood for composition; and there, with a bottle of champagne at either end, devised such immortal melodies as "Che Farò."

Cowper the poet, lover of domestic music and loather of music public, would probably have approved of the musical interests of the Henry White family. But he would have strongly condemned a certain Irish family, named Herbert, for—as I read in Dorothea Herbert's "Retrospections"—

The children were all musical and delighted in acting. They had a harpsichord which was brought over to Ireland from England. The father was eternally at his flute, while jocanes [?], jewsharps, and an old wretched guitar were going from morning till night. Sometimes a musical guest would come to stay, notably one Mr. Gwynne, who greatly admired the joint performances of the family. Handel's "Water Piece," which Fanny and I played double, made him bounce like a crazy man.

William Cowper would not entirely object to Handel because he set the story of the Messiah¹ to music; but he would certainly

¹Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
(O wonderful effect of music's pow'r!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake!
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For, was it less, what heathen would have dar'd
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born

object to his pieces setting a listener bouncing like a crazy man. Still more would he object to the way Miss Catherine Battie, a lovely girl of twenty, spent her time as a guest of Gilbert White, at Selbourne, in 1763. Here is a paragraph from her diary.

Morn was spent at the Harpsichord, a Ball at Night, began minuets at halfanhour after 7, then danced country dances till near 11, went to supper, after supper sat some time, sung, laught, talked, and then went to dancing again, danced till 3 in the morning, at halfanhour after 4 the Company all went away; we danced 30. Never had such a dance in all my life, nor ever shall I have such a one again I believe. [Next day.] Got up at 10 in very good spirits. Who can be otherwise in this dear place?

That day of Catherine's lives yet in her artless description. But what a day! What energy, moreover, to make a note of it in a diary before tumbling into bed at half-past four for a short five-hours' sleep!

Catherine must have been a jolly, free, sensible girl of the type then thoroughly modern; and she would have "laught" heartily at the sketch of a proper young lady which was drawn by some diarist of an earlier day (whose name I have not by me):

She should be a sight in letters, in musicke, in drawinge or peincting, and skilfull in daunsinge and in devising sportes and pastimes. If she daunces or playes she ought to be brought to it with suffring herself somewhat to be prayed and with a certain basfulness that may declare the noble shamefastness that is contrarye to headinesse.

Among my most animated of all diarists is Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Hawkes, soldier, sportsman, pianist, and music-lover. Peter was a Somerset man, born 1786, died 1853. An entirely perfect day for him was a day of shooting; but when shooting was impossible, then the day could be made sufficiently perfect by music. "I went on a musical excursion which except a wild fowl expedition is the only event which would have brought me here," that is, to Manchester. Sport and music join hands in many sentences in his diary:

I read to-day with tears of the death of the unrivalled Malibran; and I also lost my beautiful Newfoundland dog of distemper.

Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and, while we praise
A talent so divine, remember too
That His most holy book from whom it came
Was never meant, was never us'd before,
To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.

Cowper, "The Task," VI, 632-652.

He visits the Lakes in Westmoreland:

In a word the view creates a sort of sensation which we feel on hearing Mozart's music, seeing Shakespeare's tragedies, hearing Braham sing or seeing ourselves surrounded by a good evening flight of wild fowl.

Again:

I sent to Poole for the unrivalled James Reade, the Mozart of all the wild fowl men.

The Colonel made music his consolation and stand-by in all times and places. He and his family are staying at Keyhaven. There is a great storm, with floods.

We have out punts floating at our door in the street ready to rescue our family in case of danger. What a scene! shutter, doors and pails afloat; birds killed while diving and washed up by the tide; and in short the best representation I have yet seen of a second deluge. My dear children, instead of being alarmed or ill, were amused with the scramble; and I by way of aping Nero (who fiddled while Rome was burning) sat at my old humstrum and boggled through a given number of Bach's fugues.

He was quite a scientific pianist. In fact, he invented a hand-mould and wrote some "Instructions to young performers for acquiring, by means of patent hand moulds, the best position for strength and articulation on the Pianoforte." The book, published in 1840, passed through three editions. He went over into France and Holland to introduce his moulds to the musical profession of those countries. At Haarlem he plays on the gigantic organ, and then:

I took the organist to the church porch, delighted him much with the sight of my hand moulds for the piano, gave him a prospectus of them, shook hands with him and galloped off.

The Colonel attends the "glorious Philharmonic," where Thalberg drives him crazy with delight. On another occasion in London, he says: "I went in the evening to Covent Garden Theatre in order to hear my favourite overture of *Der Freischütz* conducted by the immortal composer himself, Carl Maria von Weber."

These were serious and dignified musical activities. He had others of another kind.

Toddled into Lymington in a lobster cart to the high diversion of ourselves and petrefaction of all the staring dandies and repaired to old Klitz, the Clementi of the place. There Langstaff joined in a trio while I went foraging and it came on a determined wet night, for which we were all well armed; as we brought off a fiddle, a tuning hammer and all the music we could borrow and sat in with a good fire, for a thorough batch of such noise that neither the wind nor the rain was thought of.

There was often conviviality with music in this manner. But this delightful old sportsman and music-lover, last in my list of "obscure diarists," could be happy enough without companions; and the picture of him which I carry most in my mind is this:

Frost and snow. Alone from morning till night and I have not passed so pleasant a day for these 15 years; what with writing, reading, and strapping hard at my long-lost music I could have stayed up till daylight next morning.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S INTEREST IN MUSIC

By GUSTAV HETSCH

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the Danish poet, extremely responsive to all manifestations of the Beautiful, was alive to the marvels of Art and Nature. Thanks to his impressionable imagination, to his profound love of music (concerning which his ideas were decidedly rudimentary), his writings discover many traces of the impressions he received from that art, as well as numerous reflections and opinions touching the artists and the works which had delighted him—or disappointed him.

How greatly he appreciated chamber-music may be gathered by reading his romance "Lykke Peer" (Lucky Peter), Chap. XI (the scene with the singing-teacher):

One evening, in the public concert-hall, a grand orchestra played the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven. From that moment Peer realized that descriptive music—music in which Nature is reflected and where the emotions of the human heart find an echo—that it was this music whereby the depths of his being were stirred. Beethoven and Haydn became his best-loved composers.

Once a week they had a session of chamber-music. The magnificent tone-poems of Beethoven and Mozart thrilled their ears, their souls, their minds. For a long time Peer had heard no fine, well-executed music. It was like a kiss of passion, electrifying his frame, penetrating his every nerve. His eyes filled with tears. Every musical soirée was a festive event of an artistic charm that no operatic presentation in the theatre could equal, where there is always some imperfection to spoil one's pleasure; either the singer's words are indistinct or inaudible, as unintelligible for a Chinese as for an Eskimo, or the effect is weakened by a lack of dramatic talent on the singer's part or by some vocal defect manifesting itself, in certain phrases, by assuming the tone of a music-box, or by slurring off the pitch. And then there is the sense of unrealness in scenery and costumes. All this is absent in the case of chamber-music. The works stand out in all their sovereign splendor; their precious tapestries cover the walls of the concert-room. Peer feels himself transported into a fairyland of tones created by the marvellous genius of the masters.

In his youth Andersen had conceived the naïve ambition to become a singer himself; and in old age there still lingered a lively interest in and a pronounced predilection for vocal music—a taste wherein a majority of the music-lovers of his time participated.



Hans Christian Andersen
(From a painting by C. A. Jensen, about 1838)

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When he happened to be in Copenhagen—he was a great traveller—he regularly attended the Royal Theatre, where operas were given twice a week. In his letters he mentions *La Juive*, *Le Domino noir* ("far better staged than in Paris"), *La Muette de Portici*, etc. He enumerates in minute detail the qualities and defects of the several singers of both sexes, comparing them with one another and with artists he had heard abroad in the same rôles. He very often prefers the Danish interpreters—though quite without chauvinism, for his critical faculty was aroused, and Andersen always strives to be just towards all and sundry.

Italian music had early captivated his heart. In 1838 he wrote, in a letter to a Danish lady whose brother, a young musician, was about to depart for Italy: "He will enter the realm of music; may his ears be opened down yonder!" And to the young man himself, in another letter: "You are going to Italy; harken to the melodies and become a composer for the heart. Of calm, cold intelligence nothing is born to stir the emotions." In these few words Andersen's whole musical credo is contained.

Norma is "his best souvenir of Italy." In it he heard the Malibran. Her name constantly recurs in his writings. The art of this great singer made an indelible impression on him. In the course of his first visit to Italy, in 1834, Madame Malibran had already fascinated him instantly at Naples as *Norma*, and in *Il Barbiere*. For him it was "a miracle," "a revelation." One can feel the vibration of the spell she cast over him on reading his romance, "The Improvvisatore," the opening chapters of which were written in Rome. In the heroine of the tale, Annunziata, we discover traits borrowed from the diva. As for her singing, he describes it in his letters:

I have just passed the evening in the San Carlo theatre, where I heard the celebrated Madame Malibran in Bellini's opera (*Norma*)—a human heart transfigured in music. I shed tears. The audience applauded enthusiastically, but—think of it!—there was one spectator who hissed, only one, every time that my heart felt ready to burst with bliss. How can anyone be so mean? . . . Among my most ravishing artistic impressions must be reckoned the three operas in which I have heard the world-renowned Madame Malibran. Her voice is not one of those that impress one by its dazzling qualities; it is a soul that expresses itself unreservedly in music—which is worth far more to me. It was as though I heard a swan, now winging its way on high through the ethereal waves, now diving deep down in the sea, while from its dying heart the lifeblood was ebbing away drop by drop, transforming itself into music.

In 1836 Andersen revisited Naples, but this time he found the San Carlo theatre closed; to him the great edifice looks like

"a mausoleum reared above the tomb of the Queen of Song."—Mme. Malibran was dead. And he recalls the first time that he heard her: . . .

clad in white, her forehead encircled by a crown, as were she the Muse of Song, so she appeared on the stage, Norma-Malibran; yes, it was the Muse herself! Never in my life have I heard such singing as here. It was as though the profoundest emotions of the heart were revealed in music; I felt a thrill such as one always experiences in presence of a divine revelation. I could see, I could hear, only her. What a voice, what dramatic art—and how lovely she was!

Later (it was *Il Barbiere*): "... what vivacity, what esprit!" He adds, that for him the Malibran's singing expressed all the marvels of Italy.

Another singer, the Grisi, whom he heard as Norma in Paris, in 1843, surprises him by the power, the opulence of her vocal organ; contrariwise, young Adelina Patti pleases him not at all; he finds her artificial. But his praises of the singer Luigi Lablache are pitched very nearly as high as those of the Malibran: "the foremost basso cantante of Europe," Lablache, was an unforgettable Figaro for Andersen.

As regards Italian opera, his admiration makes halt before the works of Verdi. In 1863, at Genoa—always on the search after novelties—he hears *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which does not interest him.

What chiefly impressed him at the *Opéra* in Paris was the *mise-en-scène*, the decorations, the lighting-effects, the costumes. He mentions, though in a few words, the operas *Faust*, *l'Africaine*, *Robert*, and *Les Huguenots*. Of *Hamlet* (by Thomas) he writes in "Lykke Peer," Chap. XVI (the scene between Peer and the singing-master): "I know the tragedy by Shakespeare well (says Peer), but not, as yet, the opera by Thomas."—"This opera ought properly to be named 'Ophelia' (says the singing-master). Shakespeare, in his tragedy, lets the Queen recount the death of Ophelia, and in the musical reproduction the latter becomes the central figure. We do not get the 'Hamlet' of Shakespeare, just as, in the opera *Faust*, we did not get the 'Faust' of Goethe. A thinker is not a musical subject. That which rises, in these two tragedies, to the height of a musical poem, is the love-scenes." And further on in the same chapter we find the following reflections:

The singers' rôles, in most Italian operas, are a canvas, as it were, whereon impersonators of talent display their spirit and intelligence by portraying in diversified and changeful coloration the beings prescribed by the poetic text. How far more brilliantly can they express themselves

in a music whose melodies are created and directed by a true conception of the characters! That is what Gounod and Thomas so well understood.

And as for German music? Andersen does not speak of it in his letters, but we have already seen how he was moved by the works of Beethoven, and in the sequel we shall see other proofs of the influence exercised by German music on the poet's soul.

In 1831, after hearing *Der Freischütz* at Hamburg, Andersen has nothing to say about Weber's score, but he describes with admiration the manner in which the scene in the *Wolfsschlucht* was staged: "The Huntsman curses, and Will-o'-the-wisps of a brilliant transparency appear on the stage in the semblance of astonishing misty shapes." The representations of *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, and *The Magic Flute*, elicited no comment in his correspondence; he merely states that he attended them. They undoubtedly gave him no particular pleasure—for the reason that none of the singers struck him as extraordinary. Andersen—why deny it?—felt himself more deeply stirred by a vocal and instrumental performance of dazzling virtuosity or touching sensibility than by the musical work *per se*. Truth to tell, in music he would appear to take an even greater interest in the artist than in the art, but in this matter, too, his taste agrees with that of most of his contemporaries. The fact that the tenor Wachtel had been a cab-driver sufficed to make Andersen regret that he had missed an opportunity of hearing him by not staying one evening longer in Hamburg!

Naturally, as he took so keen an interest in dramatic music and travelled so frequently in Germany, Andersen does not avoid broaching the problem of Wagner. To begin with, in his autobiography, "The Story of My Life," he speaks of Wagner, of his artistic conception, of his works; and speaks of them in so explicit a manner as to prove that this question, at all events in 1852, had aroused his liveliest interest. He writes:

People tell me that Wagner is the greatest composer of our time. With my wholly natural and simple emotionality I am quite unable to approve such an opinion. It seems to me that all his music is composed by dint of intellectual effort; in *Tannhäuser* I admire the recitatives, so marvellously declaimed, for example in the scene of Tannhäuser's return from Rome and the recital of his pilgrimage—it is charming! I appreciate all that is grand and picturesque in the musical poem, but for me one thing is lacking, the flower of music—melody. Wagner, who himself has written the librettos of his operas, ranks as a poet among the greatest. He has created situations of most diversified character. The first time I heard his music I felt as if I were submerged in a sea of tones, carried away body and soul. After a performance of *Lohengrin*, late in the

evening, Liszt, still all life and fire, entered my box and found me faint and perturbed. "Well, what do you say now?" he demanded. And I replied: "I'm half dead!" On me *Lohengrin* has the effect of a tree vibrating with marvellous murmurings of its foliage, but barren of flowers and fruit. Do not misunderstand me—after all, my opinion is of no importance—but in this art, as in poetry, I insist on three elements—intelligence, imagination, feeling; and this last reveals itself in melody! In Wagner I see a contemporary composer-philosopher, great in his intelligence and will-power, a puissant destroyer of all blameworthy principles handed down from the past; but I do not find in him the divine genius of a Mozart or a Beethoven.

Despite his reserve on these points, Andersen was one of the first protagonists of Wagner. It was at Leipzig, in a *Gewandhaus* concert, that he found himself confronted for the first time with the name of Wagner and his music. The overture to *Tannhäuser* figured on the program. "The picturesque aspect of this musical poem ravished me, and I applauded spontaneously with enthusiasm—almost alone in all the hall. My neighbors were scandalized and gave vent to their disapproval, but I held fast to my own conception, applauded yet more loudly, and cried 'Bravo!'"—Andersen always had the courage of his convictions.

We find in "Lykke Peer" (Chap. XV), in the conversation between the singing-master ("representing the old school") and the hero of the tale, a singer and future composer, the following dialogue:

The "music of the future," as it is called, the new style in opera, whose foremost banner-bearer is Wagner, had a defender and admirer in the person of our youthful friend. He found its characters depicted with such clarity, such a wealth of ideas in its recitatives, the entire action worked up into a dramatic movement unretarded by ever-recurring melodies. "It is really an unnatural device, all these interpolated grand arias."¹ "Yes, interpolated!" replies the singing-master, "but wherever—as with the majority of the great masters—the arias burst in upon the action, they are altogether indispensable! Where can a lyric rôle find room, if not in the opera?" And he cites the aria of Don Ottavio in *Don Juan*, that resembles an alluring pool in the forest, on whose bank one reposes, soothed by the murmurous voices of the woodland. "I do reverence to the skill of our new-style musicians, but I do not care to dance, as you do, round their calf of gold! Besides, what you just told me is not your serious opinion, or else your ideas on the subject are not quite clear."—"It is in some opera of Wagner's that I wish to sing!" says the young man. "If I cannot express in words what my heart feels, I shall do it in song and action."—He chose *Lohengrin*.

¹In the same chapter Andersen says, of this young musician: Withal, he preferred the opera properly so-called to the musical comedy, in which the transition from singing to spoken dialogue and vice versa antagonized his sense for the fitness of things. "It is (so he says) as if one were to quit a marble stairway and go over to a wooden one—frequently even to a poultry-ladder—and then back again to the marble stair. The poem, from end to end, ought to live and breathe, without interruption, in the music."

This work haunts Andersen's mind—an astonishing proof of the resiliency of the poet's taste. He gives himself no end of trouble to defend *Lohengrin* viva voce from the attacks of his contemporaries, even in those self-styled musical circles where the incomprehension of Wagner's art irritates him. He is censured because, in his books, he shows himself a too fervent champion of the "music of the future." Does he not, in a manner, play the rôle of Hans Sachs between Beckmesser (the singing-master) and Walther (the young musician of the advance guard)?

But it is not only his impressions from performances of operas that are reflected in Andersen's works. He also attends concerts given by leading musicians at Copenhagen and abroad. The pianists Clara Schumann, Liszt, and Sigismund Thalberg, the violinists Ernst, Ole Bull, Hubert Léonard, Joseph Joachim, and others, afford him delights whose echo is found in his letters and books. Liszt and Ole Bull, like Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann, were his close friends. None other, however, exerted on his soul an influence comparable to that of Jenny Lind. This great Swedish singer—whose acquaintance Andersen made at Copenhagen in 1840, when she was wholly unknown outside of her own country—fascinated him by her grace, her kindness, and the nobility of her character, no less than by the ineffable charm of her voice. On the stage, he admires her; in private life he adores her. He loves her, without receiving in return anything more than her friendship, sincere and faithful. To him she is the inspiration for poems and tales ("The Nightingale," "The Angel," "Beneath the Pillar"). Down to the year 1854 Andersen and Jenny Lind often meet abroad—at Berlin, at Weimar, at London, at Vienna. They exchange letters—and presently all is over, without evident reason. Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt is in America.

How much Jenny Lind contributed toward evolving and ripening the genius of Andersen, he himself avows in the following words: "No book or personality whatever has exerted a more ennobling influence on me, as a poet, than Jenny Lind. For me she opened the sanctuary of art." She was never absent from his thought.

In the foregoing we have spoken of musical manifestations as supplying the works of Andersen with more or less palpable traits, but only as regards details. Sometimes it also happened that he was inspired by some musical work to write a tale. It was, above all, *The Magic Flute* that fructified his imagination in a singular manner. In 1869 he confides to his Diary: "In the theatre

to hear *The Magic Flute*. I left the auditorium after the third act because I had conceived the idea for a tale, 'The Comet.' On coming home I wrote out half of it."—And two days later: "In the theatre I heard *The Magic Flute*, felt a sudden inspiration, went home and wrote the tale 'Sunshine Stories.'" And seven days thereafter: "I heard the second act of *The Magic Flute*, went home, and wrote the tale 'Quaek.'" (Never published, perhaps unfinished.) But *Don Juan* likewise furnished him with an inspiration: "The idea for the tale of 'The Firtree' came to me one evening in the theatre while listening to *Don Juan*." In fact, Andersen worshipped Mozart with peculiar devotion, as was further manifested in 1869 by his pilgrimage to the places in Salzburg where souvenirs of the master are kept.

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In return for the profound affection entertained by Andersen for the realm of music, he suggested to many musicians—and not the least among these!—works which enhanced their fame.

Naturally, it was above all the Danish composers, his compatriots, who delved in his poems and tales both for song-texts and for the framework of operas and operettas. Among his countrymen were Carl Nielsen, for songs, and Finn Hæffding for his opera, *The Emperor's New Clothes* (1928), who searched his works. A short poem, "The Dying Child," written by Andersen at the age of twenty-three, has been set to music seven times by Scandinavian composers. The name of Andersen is found coupled with that of the Norwegian Grieg in several of the best-known songs of the latter (in the book entitled "Heart-Songs").

But outside of Scandinavia, as well, he has been a source of inspiration for many a musician. Robert Schumann, for four of his "Five Poems" (*Fünf Gedichte*, Op. 40), borrowed the texts from Andersen, to whom he dedicated the book; Schumann also made him a proposition to write an opera on his worklet "The Flower of Happiness," a project never realized on account of Schumann's malady.

In our own day we can recall that *La Marchande des Alumettes*¹ furnished a libretto for Tiarko Richepin (*Opéra-Comique*, Paris, 1914), *Der Schweinehirt* for Edgar Istel (Munich, 1909), and *Le Porcher* for Henri Février and P. O. Ferroud (*Théâtre des Champs-Élysées*, Paris, 1924); *Die Prinzessin auf der Erbse* for Ernest Toch

¹There is another opera, based on the same subject, by the author's countryman, August Enna (Copenhagen, 1897).—Ed.

(1929); *Le Caneton* for Serge Prokofieff (Op. 18); for Stravinsky *Le Rossignol* (1909) and *Le Baiser de la Fée* (ballet, 1929); *Le Petit Ferme-l'Œil* for Florent Schmitt (Opéra-Comique, Paris, 1924); *Le Jardin du Paradis* for Alfred Bruneau (Opéra, Paris, 1923); *La petite Sirène* for Alexander von Zemlinsky (symphonic poem, Vienna, 1905); for Pierre Maillard, a Ballade for piano; for Arthur Honegger, three songs.

On his deathbed, after an illness of months, what caused Hans Christian Andersen most regret was that he had no longer been able to hear music. The apogee of Art was, to his mind, the tone-realm. For the communication of his musical impressions to others he employs a language replete with imagery, rich in metaphor, vibrant with passion and emotion.

Was it because of this affection, never chilled, never weakened, which pervades his works, that they have captivated so many musicians in the past—and will doubtless captivate others in the future—by the fascination of his genius? However this may be, it is a fact that our Danish poet, owing as he did to music some of the happiest hours of his life, has repaid the debt by inspiring in musicians the world over works of true merit.

For what he received, he made abundant return.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE REDISCOVERY OF MUSIC AS A SUBJECT FOR EDUCATION

By CALVIN T. RYAN

IT is easily within the memory of most teachers of music when contests in this subject were either unknown, or limited to those who were considered to have special musical ability, to the very few geniuses who competed among themselves.

Contrasted with that condition, what do we find to-day? Why, every high school, every graded school of every city, and almost every high and elementary school of our rural districts sends students to contest centers to compete in both vocal and instrumental musical contests. The boys and girls of our country, both in the rural and the urban sections, are being taught music. Some of them are taught to create music as a means of self-expression. Others are taught to be intelligent consumers of this ancient art. Summarily, we might say that music has been rediscovered as an educational subject, and reintroduced into our educational system.

Musical tournaments are vying with athletic field-days and field sports. These tournaments are not for any special class of students. Students from the rural schools of the Middle West compete with the urban students within their own section, and with those both east and west of them. Glee clubs from rural high schools compete with glee clubs from urban high schools, and rural grade schools compete with urban grade schools. Music is fast becoming a universal art. It is a universal language, the practice and interpretation of which does not depend, except in degree, upon the gift of the gods.

The youth of the United States are once more being impressed with the Greek idea that they must read well, recite well, sing or play some musical instrument well if they wish to be considered educated. And, further, like the Greeks, we are making it impossible for our young people to hide their want of culture in these respects, for we are asking them, at home and in public, to perform their part in social entertainment. Choral organizations, operas, orchestras, and bands are found in our schools and colleges. Instead of music being for a few, like athletics, it is truly for all.

We may not fully comprehend what Plutarch meant when he said with reference to music, that it teaches us "to abstain from everything that is indecent, both in word and deed, and to observe decorum, temperance, and regularity." We may not believe it has this power, but the rediscovery of music as an educational subject is traceable very significantly to a better understanding of the part the emotional responses play in the life of a person, and to the growing belief that a poetic outlook on life is necessary to counterbalance a too great emphasis upon the practical outlook. A greater interest in music has come at a time when salvation is most needed.

Music formed a vital part of the educational system of the City-States of Greece. The rise of Christianity, with its stress upon music as a part of religious worship, tended to prolong the interest in music, and in the Middle Ages we find song and parish schools flourishing. Music was one of the important subjects of the mediæval *Quadrivium*, and continued to hold its high place until the Revival of Learning, at which time it lost its precedence in the English countries, but continued prominent in the Teutonic lands. Centuries afterwards we can see the result of this change, for to-day the Germanic people are musical, whereas the English and the Americans are not so to the same degree.

Odd as it may seem, it was a religious sect that looked with disfavor on music. Puritanism has died slowly in the United States, where it secured an early and prominent foothold, and its prolonged death has left its deplorable results. It is within my own memory that a man left church one Sunday morning when it was announced that one of the Sunday-school girls was going to play a violin solo. The church, this man thought, was no place for the "fiddle." I know a town in Maryland where the church split over the question of the installation of a pipe-organ. The dispute arose not over the ability of the congregation to buy the organ, but over the religious advisability of doing it.

With the years we have come to believe that singing and playing to the glory of God may be an effective form of worship. The founders of the Christian religion, following the example of the early Jewish church, used music, both instrumental and vocal, unsparingly. In the United States, church music is no longer looked upon with disfavor except by a very small minority.

Since the church regulated quite extensively what was taught in the early schools, we might expect to find almost no music taught at public expense. In school as in church there was an inadequate understanding of the function and the psychology of music.

But no amount of religious disapproval could stamp out entirely the beneficent results of music. It lived in a few persons and was protected by a few religious organizations. Being a universal language, and a natural emotional response, music survived this age of disfavor. The Puritans were indifferent to and at times hostile towards poetry, but poetry, too, is an instinctive response; it is related to music and in its pure state is inseparable from religion. The Puritans could not resist the temptation to versify, and one finds bits of verse and poetic language amidst such prosy compositions as the town clerk's records. Whoever has read these records has doubtless been surprised to find some Monday's record of the trial of a miscreant who stayed away from church the previous Sunday literally interspersed with poetic language. Poetry being natural to those religious fanaticists, it crept out like a "suppressed desire" whenever the moral censor nodded while on duty.

As I said before, the rediscovery of music is largely attributable to the recognition of the place of the emotions in the character and conduct of mankind. A materialistic and practical outlook on life paralyzes the emotions. An education in which the emotions are neglected or made subservient to all other reactions gives one an unbalanced personality. It makes one a slave to one's passions and emotions. One has no control over them, and they assume control instead. Fits of passion and fits of temper are indicative of such incomplete training. So it would seem, after all, that Plutarch—in part at least—was right in believing that music wrought a salutary influence upon human behavior.

The inclusion in practically all texts in education of a chapter or more devoted to the importance of the emotional life in education, of the importance of teaching ideals, attitudes, and appreciation, and the stress placed upon music, art, and literature as the most accessible data for teaching these responses, is but further proof of the recognition of the part played by them in the education of the young. One can hardly find a recent text in education that does not include a discussion of these data. Books on methods, principles of education, and educational psychology have chapters devoted to music and the fine arts. Teachers are admonished to begin developing these responses in the primary grades, to continue them through the elementary grades, and to make the most of them in the high school.

Teaching of poetry, art and music in the more progressive schools is no longer thought of as a recent discovery by which children may learn to amass a fortune in a short time. It is

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thought of merely as a means of enabling the child to express himself, of affording him an outlet that is natural and pleasurable, and one that will satisfy his emotional life. Browning says:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, . . . and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

Song is the natural right of the young, and every normal child can sing unless thwarted in his attempts by some outside circumstance, all too frequently an older brother or sister who laughs at his endeavors, or, what is more deplorable, an unimaginative teacher who kills his untutored imagination.

"Not to furnish every child in the twentieth century adequate education in this important subject is to rob him of his rightful inheritance and doom him to a poverty-stricken emotional life," Dr. Claude A. Phillips, of the Missouri State Teachers College, says with reference to the place of music in our educational system. Further, Dr. Phillips says: "It is well to remember that as many children can learn to sing and play instruments as can learn any other of the school subjects."

Doubtless Dr. Phillips has in mind that we still cling, more or less, to a former notion that only those with some imaginary special musical gift which shows itself despite all efforts to freeze it out, should be taught music. Lingering in the minds of many parents is this superstition of old; hence there still is some missionary work to be done among the elders before all children will be given the rights of their own natures. It is not so long ago that we heard parents say: "Oh, our boy is not musically inclined. There is no use in his studying music." Such a belief is a part of our common heritage, whereas the Germans have always thought of music for all, just as they thought of writing for all, or reading for all, with the consequence that they have produced a musical nation.

Music lifts the soul, elevates and inspires. "Tell me the kind of music your son enjoys and I will tell you where to find him." Taste is a much larger factor in our lives than many of us would probably like to admit. President Millis, of Hanover college, says:

As scholarship frees the soul from the prison walls of ignorance, so the ability to perceive and enjoy beauty frees the soul from the deadening grind of monotony and drudgery. Dwelling in a world of conscious

beauty, a world of birds' songs, of color, of fragrance, of sparkling dew-drops, a world speaking to the soul of the beauty of life, will lift that soul above the blighting hand of despair.

Boys and girls subjected to the best of music will of necessity absorb its tone and color, its discipline, and its decorum.

The best form of social service which teachers can give to society, according to an eminent specialist in the care of the insane, is to "Go out and open the eyes of the people to the beauty of sky and field, of music and verse, that their minds and souls may be kept sweet and sane."

Music on some level of greatness can be enjoyed by every normal child. The task of the schools is to raise the level of enjoyment as fast as possible. Children form the habit of liking the things with which they are constantly associated. If, therefore, we hope to raise their taste, their level of appreciation, we must keep before them not the lowest jazz, for if we do they will form the jazz habit, nor the mediocre, for to do so will simply give them a taste for the mediocre; we must see that they are subjected to the best. Good judgment in matters of art, as in all matters of life, requires practice. The child who has never seen anything but the proverbial Indian in front of the cigar-store will think that Indian an acme of art. The boys and girls in many sections of the Middle West are having their concept of drama and opera vitiated by the road companies that produce in the various towns during the week-ends. I have seen these companies play to packed houses week after week, to audiences composed very largely of rural people who, in their hunger for something dramatic, accept what they can get and all too frequently think it the best. Coarse and sordid humor, suggestive songs, melodramatic and tearful situations form their concept of the best in dramatic art.

It is with these examples of mediocre, if not mean, musical and dramatic presentations that the schools have to compete. If by their fruit we are to learn the results, then much is yet to be done. There is a Gresham's law in art as in economics, and bad art has a tendency to drive out good. Commercialized projects of this nature we are bound to have so long as the practical point of view prevails among our school patrons. Many of these parents are not aware of the harm they bring to their children when, by their own efforts, they introduce them to mediocre productions. There is here a big field for adult education in taste and appreciation. Many of these elders have never been trained on their emotional or spiritual side; their passions run loose, and they enjoy

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a good cry or a good laugh at no matter what, and think nothing more of the consequences.

It will be a slow process so long as we teach children in the grades to sing such rote songs as "Birdies Fly," "Down Come the Autumn Leaves," and "Up Goes My Kite," and then have them listen at home and at the road show to the thousand and one "I Got the Blues" songs. But to give up is to surrender to the enemy, and the cost will be paid in the life and pleasure of our boys and girls. We can't afford to do it.

It is obvious from what has been written, that with the rediscovery of music as a subject of education, we are making appreciative listeners as well as creditable performers. It is obvious also that the sole object of teaching music as a subject in education is not appreciation only. It is remedial; it is therapeutic; it is educative in the same sense that reading, writing and arithmetic are educative. Man is man by virtue of what he has superadded to the brute. Education that satisfies the brute part of man, his physical welfare, is an education limited to one-third of man. Education that is limited to the satisfaction of the intellect is education that trains only one-third of man. That part of man's education for which music, art, and literature are specifically adapted, is the emotional, the spiritual or the religious. These, therefore, must be included in the education of the well-rounded person, of the well-balanced person.

It is a wholesome thing to note the change in the attitude toward the teaching of music, but a magnificently salutary thing to note the change in the attitude of our boys and girls. Their response to the mediocre in drama and art is a response for which they are not wholly responsible. Such wholesome response to music contests as is shown in all parts of the United States is gratifying to every lover of good music, but particularly gratifying to every educator who realizes the educative value of this most social of all the arts.

GLUCK AND THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS

By JULIEN TIERSOT

WHEN Gluck entered upon his musical career there were only two Schools of Opera which, according to prevailing opinion, appeared to count in Europe—the French and the Italian.

Italian opera, originated in Florence toward the end of the sixteenth century, spread in a multiplicity of evolutions throughout Europe, with the exception of France; here a different conception of dramatic music had been formed and developed.

German genius, on the other hand, had soared to extraordinary heights, from a musical point of view; but it had held aloof from the practical technique of the theatre, and, just for that reason, was ignored by those who conceived opera to be the be-all and end-all of music.

It was at this juncture that Gluck came into the world. Was he, as an artist, an Italian or a German? Everybody knew that he was neither the one nor the other. He was called a German. But that was not the fact, either. True it is that he was born in a townlet buried amid the forests of the Upper Palatinate, namely, Weidenwang, near the Bavarian frontier, a neighborhood later belonging to the kingdom of Bavaria. But it was only in passing, as it were, by the merest chance, that he first saw the light there. His father was a forester in the service of one of those noble families among whom nearly all the estates of Central Europe were divided; he was a Bohemian by birth, and had been quite fortuitously sent to Weidenwang just before his son was born; and the child was not yet two years old when the father returned to his native country and sought another position in the north-western forests, not far from Saxony, though still within the Bohemian quadrilateral. The correct name of the family was not Gluck, but Kluch, a Czech word meaning "fellow"; the author of the *Iphigenias* thus signed himself down to an advanced period of his life.

For a time he accompanied his father on his strenuous woodland explorations; then he was sent to school in the nearby town of Chomutov (Kommotau), and later in the capital, Prague, while his parents returned to their native village, where they

kept an inn, ending their days in Zakoupe. He himself continued his work at the University and the choirboys' singing-school; at times, to earn his living, he would strap his violoncello on his back and, in company of strolling musicians (in Bohemia these are, as we know, sometimes real artists), sally forth to play for the dancing youth of the suburbs or environs of Prague.

From there he proceeded to Vienna and thence to Italy, thus from early youth growing into a veritable cosmopolite. In northern Italy he remained for ten years, composing operas for Milan, Turin, and Venice; after this we find him in London. Returning to the Continent, he debarks in Hamburg, travels to Denmark, revisits Vienna, and returns to Prague, going thence to Dresden; everywhere bringing out new operas in the Italian form. Some months thereafter he journeys to Naples, where he composes *La Clemenza di Tito*. Going back to Vienna he apparently intends to settle there, and marries a wealthy Dutch lady; but soon he is off again, this time for Rome. He meets with success. The Pope confers on him the title of Knight of the Golden Spur; now he is Chevalier Gluck; he becomes Kapellmeister of the Vienna opera, and master of music to the princesses of the Imperial family. Has he not, at forty, all that an artist could aspire to?

His ambition, however, was not satisfied. He had composed more than thirty Italian operas in the ordinary style, and certain French opéras-comiques; but the vanity of works of this kind had impressed itself upon him. He dreamt of subjecting them to a radical reform. How set about it? The opera is not simply music; it is a drama, and its poetic theme is at least equal in importance to the score. He carefully considers what the poem ought to be in order that its union with the music should prove perfect and conformable to nature and reason. But he is not a poet; he only knows how to assort the notes. Fortunately, his idea is in the air. An Italian poet, Calzabigi, haunted by the same conceptions, writes three librettos for him: *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, *Elena e Paride*. Gluck sets them to music; they are produced at the Vienna Opera. Their novelty astounds the listeners, who yield to the charm of the cantilene interspersed in the first-named work, discreetly applaud the second, and the third still less. Moreover, they continue to present, on the same stage, the works conceived according to the earlier formula. The reform fails of realization; Gluck has not attained his end.

Nevertheless, he persists. He addresses himself to another country. French opera, in century-old opposition to that of Italy, is closer to what he longs to accomplish. Doubtless he will

still be obliged to introduce yet more novelties, to add further embellishments, to consent to fresh sacrifices. However, Gluck feels that in France he will be better understood than elsewhere. And so, at the age of sixty, he turns to Paris, where, in rapid succession, he built up his supreme and definitive masterworks. After vainly wandering throughout Europe for a lifetime, he could say that it was only here that his dream had been realized at last.

How did it happen that this persistent seeker was obliged to go so far to make this discovery, to find the hospitable land that was to become his congenial home?

Two principal reasons may be adduced.

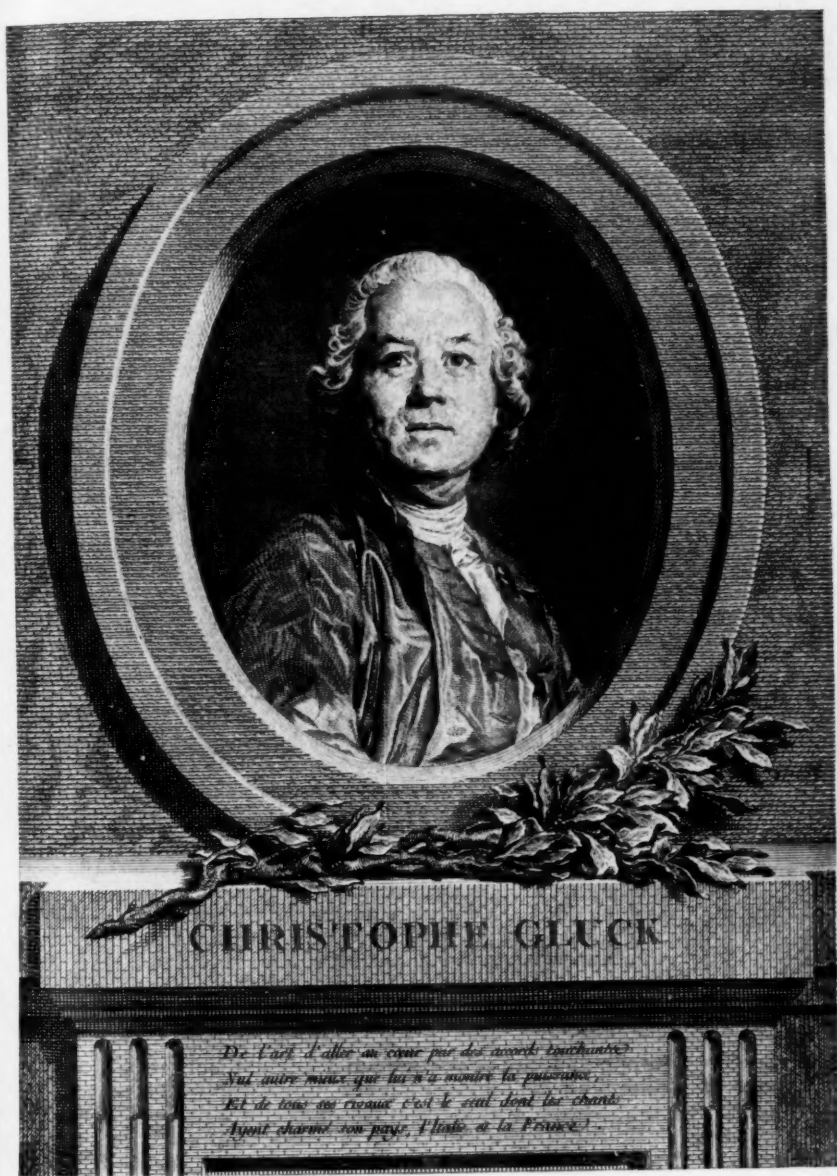
The first is of an essentially musical order, and derives from the nature of French opera, considered in itself and in its foregoing evolution.

The second is referable to general and, properly speaking, psychical causes.

As to the first, we shall content ourselves with a few general observations.

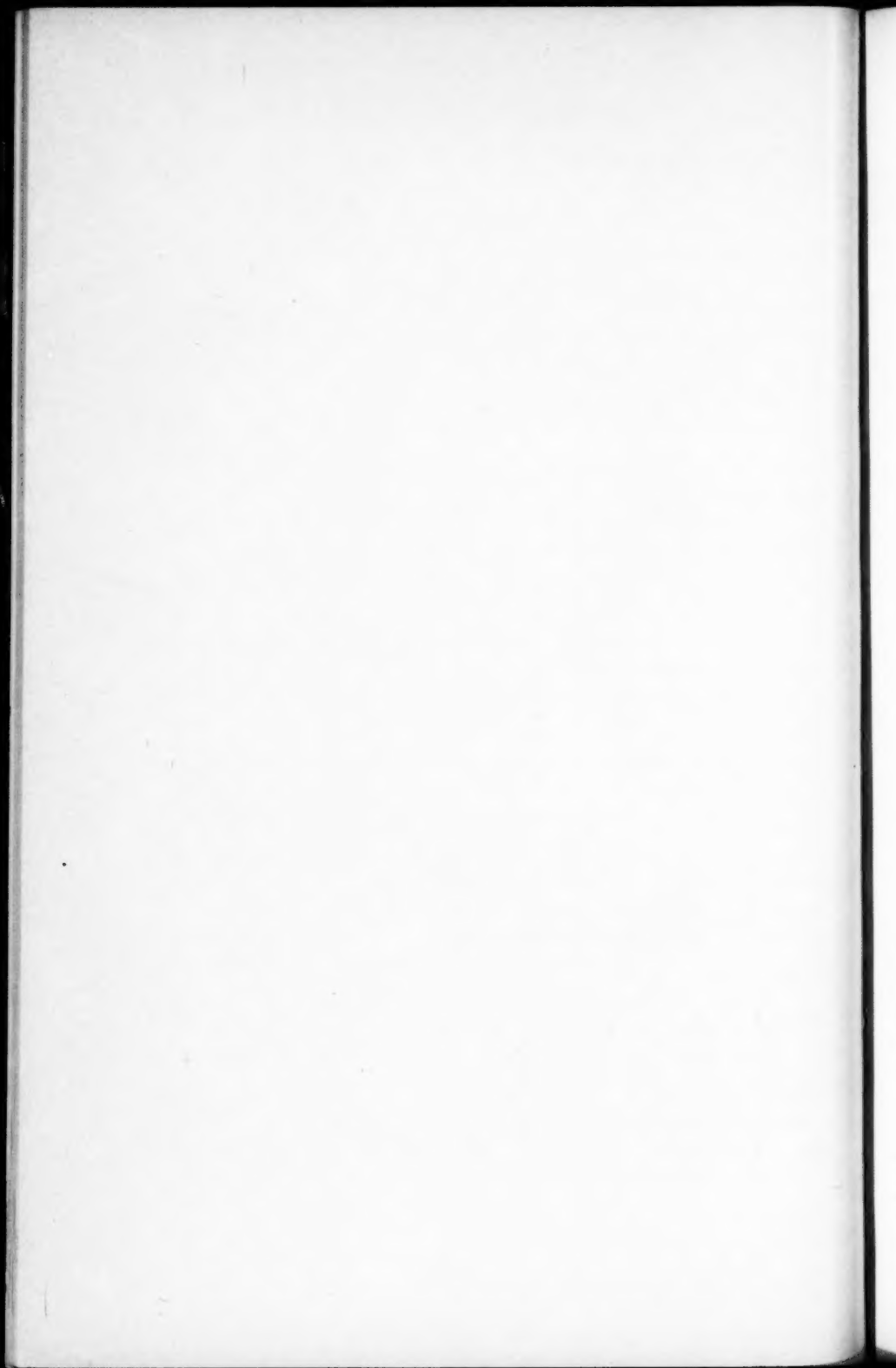
French opera, in essence and origin, is formed of an alliance between literature and music, and their intimate association. This is as it should be, and our opera has been quite unjustly censured for laying too great stress on the former of these elements in certain cases. It is evident that the words form the basis of every drama; hence, if the music is subordinate, this springs from a compulsion which the artistry and mutual understanding of the two authors, poet and musician, should seek to mitigate to the greatest possible extent. Some subjects are more musical than others, and those are the ones that opera should adopt; all will be well if this music and sweet poesie agree like brother and sister, as has been said by a poet, Shakespeare. Toward this consummation French opera has tended spontaneously since the association of Quinault with Lully. Neither of these two authors, poet or musician, took thought to formulate declarations of principle; but they accomplished their common work in perfect accord, and that is worth more than all the rest. Thus they created a style, founded a tradition; and the best works that French opera has brought forth are those which most closely conformed to their model.

With Italian opera it was otherwise. Not as if it had produced no fine poems or beautiful music; but these two elements were not blended. In the best works by Metastasio the action is borne entirely by the scenes in dialogue treated in *recitativo secco* and



C. W. Gluck

(Engraving by S. C. Miger after the painting by Joseph Duplessis)



consequently bare of true music; then, when the explanations have been made, the singing recommences; there follow sonatas or concertos for the voice, wherein the virtuoso shines, while the words seldom have any direct bearing on the drama; they are *concelli*, sentences similar to the moral in the fables, their commentary and conclusion, but not at all the action itself. These accessories are clad in a music that is oftentimes lovely and provides the singer with vocal feats; but no depth of emotion can be expressed by it.

Such a conception of art was too foreign to Gluck's genius for him to feel any temptation to refine upon it; the chasm was deep, and his initial efforts to reform Italian opera were of no avail.

Such was not the case with French opera, whose tendencies were much more in line with his own.

The second reason that induced Gluck to go to France, aside from music, probably had no less influence on his course.

At this juncture a wave of reform (tantamount to revolt) was sweeping over Europe from France, where it took its rise. Adventurous spirits unfettered by prejudice—the "Philosophers," as they were called, or the "Encyclopædists," to conserve the representative appellation which they had borrowed from their chief work—were endeavoring to treat with open minds, and to fathom as far as possible, the most important problems concerning the State, religion and conscience; not disdaining to discuss the arts, as well. They loved music, and clearly recognized the place due to it among the manifestations of human genius. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Diderot and Grimm, friends since their meeting in Paris as youths, passed many an hour grouped around a clavecin, or, accompanied by other friends, held rendezvous in the parterre of the Opéra on seats in the "coin de la Reine," applauding their favorite music—Italian—and, after the theatre, writing and publishing pamphlets that start miniature revolutions and provoke violent clashes amid the turbulent frequenters of the back-stage, the salons, and the cafés.

At the very period to which the commencement of our story carries us back, these young men had an opportunity to make themselves heard, and not without éclat, in a quarrel that rent the musical world for several years.

In the middle of the eighteenth century it had long been understood that there were two kinds of operatic music, the French and Italian; and each of these styles seemed to constitute a domain so completely distinct that it had never entered into

anyone's head to pass over from the one to the other. They were like two countries separated by frontiers, and incursions set on foot from either side would, as a matter of course, have been taken for declarations of war. Was it, indeed, impossible to find a way over?—was no entente imaginable? When Joan of Arc, pressed by the questions of her perfidious judge, expressed the hatred which she, as a good Christian, felt for the enemies of her country, she declared: "I love the English—in England!" Similarly, it was permissible to love French music in France and Italian music in Italy; but the one must not be exchanged for the other. Comparisons had been learnedly set forth; but up to that time the discussions had remained academic. Certain Frenchmen had even ventured to express a preference for transmontane music.

In France itself French music had found adversaries. French opera had existed for eighty years, and since its inception had undergone but little change. It still remained Lully's tragedy in song; or there might be divertissements intertwined with the dramas, or alone and self-sufficing; the spirit, like the forms, varied hardly at all. Rameau, treading the same path, had ingrafted on music a new enhancement, an un hoped-for element of life; but this did not suffice to rejuvenate an aging genre that needed complete renovation. Besides, the author of *Castor et Pollux* had not found it easy to gain acceptance for some of his innovations. A routine had established itself; many people felt it to be unpermissible to do otherwise than Lully had done.

Others, on the contrary, were frankly bored by this eternal reiteration; they demanded something new.

Early in 1752 the Opéra, reduced to subsisting year in, year out, on its past, staged a revival of an old opera by Destouches, *Omphale*. What need was there of reviving *Omphale*? That is something that no one could understand who was not aware that the Opéra was at the end of its repertory, and could only offer its shopworn assortment over and over again.

One of the young men whom we have seen grouped around the clavecin and discussing matters musical, Grimm, recently returned from Germany, had no difficulty in seeing through this awkward manœuvre. Desirous, above all, to attract public attention to himself, and knowing that he was sure to do so by attacking the established order, he aimed at the Opéra; pouncing upon a cadaver, he published a pamphlet, "La Lettre sur Omphale." At that time the periodical press was nonexistent, except in the form of some informative broadsides; ideas could find expression and dissemination only through the medium of pamphlets and open letters,

which attracted public attention all the more for being rare. The "Letter on *Omphale*" therefore raised a storm. And its first effect was to impress upon the public mind that French music was not invulnerable. Was it really possible to speak thus disrespectfully of any such venerable production of the past? And then this pamphlet, overpassing its aim, dared to promulgate principles. In concluding his letter, Grimm vindicated the right of a writer to guide public opinion, almost to dictate it. "It is the artists' part," he wrote, "to create works; it is the philosophers' part to set forth their laws."

The echo to these remarks was not slow in returning. First came the "Remarques au sujet de la lettre sur *Omphale*," followed by a rejoinder by Grimm in the form of a letter to Abbé Raynal, dated on Easterday after his exit from the Concert Spirituel, at which Italian music had been performed—an excellent opportunity to launch new tirades against French music. Jean-Jacques Rousseau now entered the arena; outvying Grimm, he was not satisfied with attacking this music and its authors, Rameau in particular, but in their despite resolutely espoused the cause of transalpine music. This was something entirely new and positively audacious.

All these publications appeared during the course of the first six months of 1752.

Perhaps they would not have produced a lasting effect if, just in the nick of time, an incident that seems almost providential had not intervened to reinforce their impression.

On August the 1st, 1752, a troupe of Italian singers (the Bouffons) arrived in Paris to present, on the stage of the Opéra, Pergolese's *La Serva Padrona*, and, on succeeding days, other intermezzi, which they sang in their mother tongue. This was "the invasion"; the barriers were forced by a surprise attack, as it were; the enemy was within the gates! The war was on—"la guerre des Bouffons." Parties were formed, and occupied positions in the theatre—on one side, the "coin du roi," were grouped the partisans of old French music; on the other, the "coin de la reine," were assembled the fanatics of Italian art, turbulent youths, "the real connoisseurs, talented folk, men of genius," according to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who ardently espoused their cause; "occupied, despite its obscurity, by illuminati," as Grimm had it. Polemics were renewed at fever heat; the multiplication of pamphlets began again. D'Holbach wrote, in satirical vein, a letter "to a lady of a certain age," wherein he quizzically declared all was lost: "The Frenchman has abandoned the music of his fathers! There is laughter in the Opéra: is there not cause for

tears?" It was youth, it was life, that had invaded the morose auditorium—not without strenuous opposition. Grimm again takes pen in hand to evoke the images in his "Petit Prophète de Boémischbroda," in which he vaticinates after a fashion that, in itself, was enough to win the laughers over to his side. He discourses about everything and, since he is a prophet, albeit a "little" one, needs must that he should prophesy; not contenting himself with what his own time offers, *sub specie* "my servitor Pergolese," he seeks to penetrate the future, and therein envisions a man who will attain to a loftier art than that of the intermezzi: "I shall teach you [so he tells him] how to make such as Andromache, Merope and Dido speak." This musician of the future is now well known to us; though it is not Andromache or Merope whom he will endow with speech and song, it will at least be Alcestis, Clytemnestra and Iphigenia (we shall not include Dido, for that would entail reaching on to Berlioz). Thus these men of the eighteenth century (all animated by the same spirit, as we shall soon see) announced a necessary and inevitable renovation, that was speedily to find signal realization in Gluck.

The men of letters had, of a truth, taken the floor to discuss these musical affairs. D'Holbach once again, and then Diderot (in support of Jean-Jacques, at that time his friend), were the first to have their say and publish their screeds. Most high-pitched of all was the "Lettre sur la musique française" by Rousseau, an article of capital importance in many respects. We shall return to it later, merely noting for the present the above polemical writings which were, in a sort, the prologue to more serious debates and events.

However, while passing over the extraneous incidents attendant on these quarrels, to which public attention has been only too strongly attracted, we must try to show what they really meant. As already observed, all these writers, these "philosophers," loved music; not one of them wanted to stand aside from the contemporary current of ideas that stimulated the activity of that art. Let us pause for a moment, that we may essay to come to an understanding of the secret springs of their endeavor, and of the principles or intuitions whereby they were moved to formulate those doctrines which, from an outside source, were to result in such important creations of art.

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One might imagine that Voltaire stood apart from this movement. Not at all. Although he passed the greater part of his

life far away from the ancient centres of art, he seized with avidity upon all the rumors that penetrated to him. He kept himself informed of what was doing in music throughout Europe, and sought to become acquainted with new productions. It was he who penned the following brilliant definition of the opera, covering the ground in a few lines:

Il faut aller dans ce palais magique
Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique.

(Repair ye to that magic palace-hall,
Where music, dancing, tuneful verse, and all
The color-maze that dazzles by its art,
And the yet happier craft that wins the heart,
Blend with a hundred charms in one delight.)

Never would a poet of the era of Louis XIV have discoursed of the opera with so great delectation!

He, who had won world-wide fame by his literary works, was ambitious to collaborate with musicians—in contrast with the great tragedians of the seventeenth century, who, as born enemies of music, held that poetry was sufficient unto itself. Voltaire, the author of *Zaïre*, *Mérope* and *Brutus*, wrote an opera-poem for Rameau (Orphée-Rameau, as he dubbed him) entitled *Samson*, and this at a time when Rameau had not yet made his début on the stage and bore the ill reputation of a learned musician, besides having been refused the collaboration of the librettists then in vogue. For several years we find him passionately addicted to such lyric work, which, unhappily, betrayed his very expectation, for it failed to receive the honor of a performance, and was probably not even finished. The same mischance befell him with regard to an opéra-comique whose poem he wrote for Grétry, who was then at the beginning of his career, and he met with no better fortune in this species of literary composition. Should not the confidence thus manifested by such a mind in the artists for whose débuts he hoped to smooth the way, be set down to the credit of his perspicacity in musical affairs?

In the innumerable writings that he gave to the world during the course of his long life, Voltaire bears witness to this constant train of thought. Beginning with the preface to his first tragedy *Œdipe*, he deals with the employment of the chorus, manifestly a musical subject; then, extending his horizon, he admits yielding to the charm of opera, which (he remarks) transports one into

fairyländ; in this one sentence we note his approach to modern conceptions; did not Wagner himself lay down the principle, that legend is the essential poetic subject-matter of the musical drama? Twenty years later, apropos of his *Sémiramis*, he asserts that it is through the opera that the antique tragedy renews its life. Moreover, he criticizes the Italian operas, with their little set airs, their detached ariettas, etc.; at the same time he declares that the best among the sung tragedies of France—*Alys*, *Thésée*, *Armide*—are, among contemporary productions, those that best evoke the spirit of the Greek stage.

Far from Paris at the epoch of the War of the Bouffons, he manifested in certain pungent sallies the ill-humor these dissensions aroused in him. To his mind, one ought to be allowed to enjoy either sort of music at will:

Êtes-vous pour la France, ou bien pour l'Italie?
— Je suis pour mon plaisir!

(Are you mayhap for France, mayhap for Italy?
— I am for what I like!)

He dreamed of "effecting a reconciliation between Italy and France." While working on his libretto for *Samson* he advised Rameau to "unite with his fine music a few airs in a chastened Italian style," and to let Dalila sing "some lovely airs in which French taste is blended with the Italian."

He finally succeeded in elevating the debates above the clash of styles and of national musical mannerisms. In an essay written down to popular understanding and included in his "*Mélanges littéraires*," he recognized the necessity of pursuing a different path. Discussing the decadence of the opera, and asking "by what shameful usage is music, that can exalt the soul to lofty emotions, employed among us only in singing love-ditties in vaudevilles?"—he concluded as follows:

It is to be hoped that some genius may arise, strong enough to convert the nation from this abuse and to impart to a stage-production that has become a necessity the dignity and ethic spirit that it now lacks. . . . The tide of bad taste is rising and insensibly submerging the memory of what was once the glory of the nation. Yet again I repeat: The opera must be set on a different footing, that it may no longer deserve the scorn with which it is regarded by all the nations of Europe.

Prophetic words, and justly severe, as well! Where could he be found, that strong genius for whom Voltaire hoped, of whom he dreamed as realizing, in France, such a lofty ideal of art? Far away from Paris, no doubt, or from Ferney. But patience. He

will arrive in good time. Perhaps at this very moment, in Vienna, he is occupied with reading Voltaire!

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All the leading minds then astir in France were seeing like visions of a musical future quite different from their present surroundings. Need we cite Jean-Jacques Rousseau, for whom music was so constant an obsession and occupation that it might be said his sole vocation in life (philosophy not having been such) was that of musician? We have already seen him, in 1752, in the forefront of the combatants in the War of the Bouffons. But, in spite of his apparent prejudice in favor of the exclusive use of the Italian language, his fancy transcends the limits which he ostensibly sets it. In his famous "Lettre sur la musique française," after beginning by proclaiming (like Grimm before him, but with greater force and authority) the right of philosophy to pronounce on questions concerning art, he says: "It is for the poet to write poetry, and for the musician to make music; but the philosopher alone is qualified to discourse meetly with respect to either." He pursues his musical exploration into the domain of the future as well as the present, and, for the third time in this initial essay, he heralds the advent of Gluck. Thus he forecasts the employment of a *recitativo obbligato* by means of which the composer could "make the orchestra express, by the aid of a symphony skilfully elaborated with a variety of pathetic airs, what the actor must merely recite." (A concise definition of *Agamemnon*, *Alceste*, *Oreste*, and *Armide*.) Again, he dreams of "a restrained and continuous accompaniment, a gentle murmur rather than distinct melody, resembling the purling of a stream or the warbling of birds; for then the composer could conceive a song-melody quite independent of the accompaniment, and, while designing the latter solely for the presentation of accessory ideas, should so dispose the vocal part as to give the orchestra frequent openings." (Does this not read like an advance description of the entrance of Orpheus into the Elysian Fields, or of Renaud into the enchanted gardens?) Then, deciding to take up French music by itself, Rousseau subjects to a meticulous—and severe—analysis a certain passage of music that passed for a chef-d'œuvre, the monologue of Armida in Lully's opera; but, at the same time that he exposes its shortcomings, he shows how it ought to have been done. And this lesson was not lost, for Gluck will soon be in a position to profit by it. With his first steps in the new path

he proposed to follow, he showed how forcibly these observations of the philosopher had struck him. On the eve of his departure for Paris he wrote: "The letter wherein this great man proffers an analysis of the monologue of Armida, by Lully, proves the lofty scope of his knowledge and the infallibility of his taste." And the day is approaching when he will set this same poem to music, and it will be seen whether Gluck was not, down to the least detail, to apply faithfully and realize to the full these very conceptions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Everything that Rousseau wrote about music converges toward similar aims. A great number of articles in his "Dictionnaire de Musique" (some of which had been written for the Encyclopædia) announce the same principles as the preface to *Alceste* and the musical results realized by their application: the indispensable accord between the words and their vocal setting, the pathetic and oratorical accent, and the nuances in expression according to the dramatic situation or the individuality of the characters. "I admit," says Rousseau, "that it is only men of genius who feel and set forth these differences." These men of genius will assuredly appear in due course—or at least one.

He likewise insists upon the intimate fusion of this threefold element in the lyric drama: music, poetry, and stage-play; also on the rôle of the orchestra, "which has learned a language of its own to support the words," which goes so far as to "depict things that must remain unuttered"—slumber, the calm of night, even the solitudes of silence—or express the secret thought of some personage which his speech belies: "The actor, agitated, transported by a passion that does not permit him to say all, halts, breaks off, with reticent pauses during which the orchestra speaks for him."

Nothing whatever like this had been said or, probably, thought before Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Neither had it been expressed in music before Gluck.

Their agreement was further manifested in a yet more apparent and concrete fashion. Rousseau had written pages of lofty criticism, couched in the most eulogistic terms, touching *Orphée* and *Alceste*, and, save on certain days of splenetic humor, had most sympathetically welcomed the musician, with regard to whom he neglected no occasion, public or private, to express his admiration. He was overheard to remark when coming out from a performance of *Orphée*: "Now that one can have such great pleasure in the span of two hours, I begin to think that music may be good for something."

As for Gluck, he had deliberately placed himself under his patronage. Thus it came about that, in the letter to the "Mercure" with which he strove to cope with the difficulties that beset his arrival in France, he felt moved to formulate this memorable opinion:

With the aid of the famous Rousseau of Geneva, whom I proposed to consult, we might, by our united quest of a melody that should be at once noble, affecting, and natural, paired with the declamation proper to the prosody of each language and the character of each people, succeed in establishing the procedure I seek for producing a music congenial to every nation, and in doing away with the ridiculous distinctions in national music.

Thus these two great geniuses, who, the one by reasoning, the other by his art, were to revive the collective mentality of their epoch with far-reaching future effects, were united and wellnigh blended in a common endeavor that was fruitful for them both.

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Diderot, the authentic creator of art-criticism in France, whose "Salons" are still accounted models of penetration, esprit and taste, although he was chiefly attracted by the plastic arts, could not fail to devote a portion of his attention to music. In the collection of his Complete Works it has been possible to include an entire volume on music, by gathering together stray writings that he scattered here and there. Without dwelling on his "Le Neveu de Rameau," replete with most original observations and widest freedom of thought—applied principally to the uncle of said nephew—we can even credit him with a work on musical technique; to be sure, he did not sign his name to it, but we know from a reliable source that "Les Leçons de Clavecin et Principes d'Harmonie" of Bemetzrieder were written or, at the very least, edited by him; and this Bemetzrieder, who was the clavecin-teacher of Diderot's daughter (herself an artist of parts), was also a "man of ideas," and the criticisms that he drew down upon himself from superficial and narrow-minded scribblers all go to prove the ingenuity and independence of his mind.

As remarked above, Diderot took part in the disputes of the War of the Bouffons, siding with the "talented folk, men of genius," as Rousseau called them. Some of the broadsides that appeared at this time were attributed to him; even if some of these were not from his pen, they assuredly represented his

opinions, in common with those of all that turbulent youth. It was he who edited for the *Encyclopædia* the articles relating to musical instruments. The ideas advanced in his widely dispersed writings testify to his constant devotion to the progress and evolution of the art of the future.

These men, whose audacious conceptions were to provoke a universal revolution a few years later, were foremostly revolutionaries in music. Diderot could rightly appreciate and admire the musical genius of Rameau; but he set down at its true value the false conception of French opera—and of Italian opera as well.

What is [so he asks] the model for the musician or for song? It is the declamation. Accent is the seedbed of melody. There is not one beautiful air that could not be remoulded into a beautiful recitative, neither is there a fine recitative that a skilled craftsman could not fashion into a fine air. Through the medium of song, voice and instrument shall we become habituated to the imitation of the accents of passion or the phenomena of nature, and still preserve our taste for flights, for lances, for glories, for triumphs, for victories? Go on and see if they come, Jean!

Such are a few of his notions concerning dramatic music. He avers, assuming a certain air of mystery, that the music "of the divine Lully, of Campora, of Destouches, of Mouret, and even of the dear master (Rameau), is somewhat flat." As all this was said at the moment when the first attempts at establishing a new art, the comedy-opera (*opéra-comique*), were making their appearance, Diderot lost no time in pouncing upon these products of the hour, whether they were an aftercrop of those imported from Italy by the "wretched bouffons," or those interpreted by the "*canaille* that sings at fairs"; and he declares that "in four or five years, dating from *Le Peintre amoureux de son modèle*," not a soul would attend the Opéra.

All the while he strongly feels that something else is needed, and so returns to his former idea: "It is for the brute cry of passion to dictate the course we ought to follow."

But where find the musician who will harken to that cry?

In another article, the "*Troisième entretien sur le Fils naturel*" (one of his dramas), Diderot puts still more pointedly the question touching the future of dramatic music. After dwelling once again on the wonted parallel between French opera and Italian opera, he proceeds quite simply to seek among the master-works of classic tragedy for the model of a poem adapted for musical setting. To this end he selects, as an example, Racine's "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," and cites certain lines which he declares to be

the most lyrical and most suitable for musical imitation. It is Clytemnestra, raising her cry of despair in contemplation of the imminent sacrifice of Iphigenia. Says our author:

A fine subject for a *recitativo obbligato*! Between the successive phrases plaintive ritournelles could be interpolated, and what might not be done in the characterization of the orchestral part! It seems as if I could hear it. . . . The aria begins with "Barbares, arrêtez!" Let the musician declaim for me this "barbares" and this "arrêtez" howsoever he will; he will evidence his own notable sterility if these words are not, for him, an inexhaustible source of melodies.

That Diderot could have written thus in 1757 proves him possessed of the genuine gift of second sight, for all that he so describes in advance was realized in 1774 in Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide*, wherewith the composer made his début on the stage of the French Opéra.

Again, in the same place, the philosopher addressed to this unknown musician, as though he saw him in the flesh, this direct appeal: "May he appear, the man of genius who shall present genuine tragedy, genuine comedy, on the lyric stage."

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D'Alembert, whose ideas took a yet loftier flight, did not care to mingle in these musical affrays in company with his friends; but he was none the less on their side, and, soaring to greater heights, necessarily viewed matters from a higher plane. He too was devoted to the cause of music, both as a defender and an illustrator. In his introductory remarks for the Encyclopædia he conceded it a broad field in the domain of human activities. Here he paid tribute to Rameau, that "artist-philosopher . . . a virile genius, bold and fruitful, who has reflected on the theory of his art and reduced to more definite and simpler laws a science which, before him, was given over to rules that were arbitrary or dictated by blind experimentation." And a step further: Convinced of the truths discovered by the great musician, but having detected the obscurities in their enunciation, he undertook to elucidate them; and the *résumé* that he set down is far better adapted for the propagation of Rameau's ideas than the writings of Rameau himself. It was not his fault that the author of *Castor et Pollux*, preferring his haughty isolation to the society of men who, though younger, were none the less well worthy to become the companions of his old age, turned his back upon them and, because of some disagreement, due to personalities rather than principles, touching

the taste for French music as compared with Italian, confronted them as a proud and implacable adversary. D'Alembert, in his discussions with Rameau, replied in a spirit conformable at once to present realities and to the views he held concerning the future:

I venture to believe that art can advance further than you think. . . . All music that is in any way a novelty requires familiarization in order to suit the taste of the vulgar. Let them enjoy their tranquil pleasures in peace, but let them not assume to prescribe those of the following generation.

Such are the ideas that d'Alembert sets forth in a work whose title sufficiently discloses its tendency—"La Liberté de la Musique." In this treatise, issued subsequently to the War of the Bouffons, but before Gluck's advent in France (towards 1760), he berates the intolerance of those who wrangle over musical questions with a bitterness not justified by their theme. "In all nations [he observes with a certain irony] there are two things that one should respect—their religion and their government; in France one more is included—the music of the country. In the lexicon of certain persons [he continues] the terms bouffonist, republican, frondeur, and atheist, are synonymous." He has a liking for Italian music and sympathizes with its partisans, but he does not feel obliged, on that account, to condemn French music. Directly addressing Rousseau, after having praised his *Devin du Village*, he criticizes the conclusions drawn in his famous letter: "I believe very firmly, with him [so he declares], that we have no music; but I cannot share his opinion when he adds that, if we never have any, it will be all the worse for us." Yet he admits that some newcomer might lend wings to this art that he declares to be non-existent: "Even if we were reduced to the alternative either to keep our opera as it is or to substitute Italian opera for it, we might perhaps do well to adopt the former course." And again: "Let an opera by Metastasio and an opera by Quinault, set to good music, be performed, and I have no doubt that such comparison would result favorably for the French work."—Quinault set to good music! Rousseau had already demonstrated what might be made of *Armide* by a musician worthy of such collaboration. Once again is Gluck prophetically announced.

Over and above this, d'Alembert could not refrain from delivering himself of the following reflection: "How little all this argumentation counts when it comes to creating a work!" But if it actually served in provoking such creation, did not the thinker himself accomplish a useful and salutary task?

These ideas, on whose ultimate aims the leading minds of the eighteenth century were in full accord, had been so effectually spread abroad that we find them reiterated by writers of lesser stature, plain "honest folks" (*honnêtes gens*), as they were called in the preceding century. Take for example the Venetian Algarotti, friend of Voltaire and correspondent of Frederick the Great, who in due course wrote a book on the opera; true Italian though he was, he pleaded the same cause as had found the support of the French. He advocated the establishment "of new laws in the realm of music," and these laws, based on the principle of the union between music and poetry, were to have the effect of provoking a revolution that should overthrow the sovereign—that is to say, the virtuoso—and transfer the power to the hands of the musical adept and, even more, of the poet. It is necessary, he adds, to "correct the abuses that have crept into opera, by restoring it to its earlier and legitimate form." These are the same views that we are about to meet with as presented by the pen of Gluck. Chastillux, who translated Algarotti's work and, despite his prejudice in favor of Italian music, could not escape coinciding with the conclusions of its author, adjoined to the didactic essay two attempts at its realistic fulfillment, namely, two poems, the first being an "Iphigénie en Aulide," and the second "Énée à Tarsie." The former subject, already recommended by Diderot, was soon to be dealt with by Gluck; the latter was taken up a century later by Berlioz, the musician of the nineteenth century in closest affinity to Gluck.

And, should we care to pursue our search through the gazettes, the "Mercure," the various correspondences and broadsheets, we could find many other items in confirmation of the wide dissemination of these ideas.

In the meantime, Gluck, far from the country that was producing these vibrations so akin to those he himself sent out, cherished his conceptions. Better still, he created. He gave *Orfeo* in 1762, *Alceste* in 1767. In the famous preface which, in derogation of all the anterior operas, he affixed to the score of the latter work, he wrote these words:

It has been my aim to put an end to all the abuses which, introduced by the overweening vanity of the singers and by the too great complaisance of the directors, have long disfigured Italian opera.

I have dreamed of reducing music to its true function, which is, to second the poetry in the expression of the sentiments and the situations of the plot.

It is my belief that the coöperation of the instruments should be regulated in proportion to the interest and the passion, and that in the

poetic exposition there should not occur a glaring disparity betwixt the aria and the recitative, in order that the flow of discourse may not be checked, and the force and warmth of the action infelicitously interrupted.

There is no rule that I have not thought it my duty to sacrifice in favor of results.

In the above declarations we find the very ideas that had been expressed by the French writers, the "philosophers"; and if in some of their discourses we had already noted the word "revolution," Gluck had not feared to follow on the road to freedom which they had marked out. The last of his quoted remarks, that there was no rule he would not sacrifice, is in itself a complete revolutionary program.

But (it might be objected), if Gluck did nothing more than apply ideas that were common property, how could he be original and individual?

Well, this is the sort of specious reasoning that wholly misconceives the nature of art-creation! The artist's mission is not to state ideas, but to produce works. Others may have been able to suggest the spirit in which this mission should be accomplished, and his desert is assuredly not diminished if he has followed their lead. Certain persons, who from time to time have made bold to proclaim themselves the initiators of Gluck's reform, have not done much more, contrasted with him, than play the part of the fly on the coachwheel. A case in point was the second-class poet with whose collaboration he was enabled to take the first steps toward the accomplishment of his definitive work—Raniero di Calzabigi. It was he who boasted of having told Gluck what he ought to do—almost of having done it all himself! After bringing him the poem of *Orfeo ed Euridice*, he claims that he gave him detailed explanations and strict instructions, going so far as to mark in his manuscript, by means of lines of his own invention, the accents on which the voice should ascend or descend, etc. Oh! what a good evangelist, and how worthy of credence! This Calzabigi was an intriguer of the baser sort, an adventurer compromised in equivocal affairs, all of which did not preclude his possession of a decided talent, but which permits us certain reservations with regard to his veracity. It is evident that Gluck, being a musician, needed a poet to collaborate in his work, and he never denied him his due for the assistance rendered; this attitude found little response on the part of Calzabigi, who talked of "my Orphée, my Alceste," wherever he went. But there is nothing in these vaporings to affect us; *Orphée* and *Alceste* are by Gluck and

owe everything to Gluck; and this is so true that, after the cessation of their collaboration, when Calzabigi tendered new poems to other musicians, none could make anything of them, and no other success could be obtained with them. This was because Gluck's reform was a musical reform; and although others, of greater merit than Calzabigi, were enabled to become associated with that reform, it is none the less a fact that it was he alone, a genius of puissant lyricism, who was its author.

Gluck had, after all, won only partial success while wasting himself on vain endeavors in Vienna. To be sure, the melodious airs of *Orfeo* had been applauded; somewhat less the dolorous harmonies of *Alceste*; still less the dainty cantilene of *Paride ed Elena*; but that neither hindered the operas à la Metastasio in pursuing their successful course, nor ousted the virtuosi of the Court Theatre from their mastery of the field.

Meanwhile, far-away voices reached his ear from France: "It is to be hoped that some genius will arise, strong enough . . ." (Voltaire); "May he appear, the man of genius who shall present genuine tragedy on the lyric stage" (Diderot); "Art can advance further than some think. . . . And I cannot share the opinion that, if we never have any music, it will be all the worse for us" (d'Alembert).

This predestinate man of genius, who was to overpass all the rest and rejuvenate the art of a great country, was himself; Gluck instinctively felt it. Nearing the end of his sixtieth year, he resolved to go to Paris.

We have already cited a few remarks whereby, in order to prepare his advent, he put himself under the patronage of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. It is necessary to dwell on one essential point: "I seek . . . to do away with the ridiculous distinctions in national music."

No one living would have been entitled to make so far-reaching a declaration except this cosmopolitan musician who all his life had wandered about the world, not like an expatriate but, on the contrary, like one at home in every country. Bear in mind that he was born in a remote village of Central Germany, to return directly to Bohemia, the land of his ancestors, passing thence into Austria and thereafter to Italy; then visiting England, and on the way back making a stop in Denmark, later in Northern Germany; then returning to Vienna, where he thought of remaining permanently, but radiating thence into divers other far countries. Hitherto, the only one he had not visited was France. Thither it was, nevertheless, that destiny called him; he felt it, he knew it.

He was well aware of the spirit pervading the land in the search after true expression of emotion and fidelity to nature—a spirit which, at that very hour, was being disseminated throughout the world by the thinkers with whom he was in such complete accord. On arriving in Paris he must have felt that something missing until then had been added for his completion; here he found himself in his real intellectual fatherland.

The philosophers who more than twenty years before, from the inception of the first war between French music and Italian music, had led the affray, were no longer there to take part in new combats; but their spirit still survived, and even those who were remote from the scene were interested in this latest evolution which they had prepared.

Voltaire, on the morrow after *Iphigénie*, wrote: "We are all for Gluck at Ferney." The veteran was deserving of a certain credit for this testimony in favor of a music which he felt to be different from that of his youth, and with which he was not yet well acquainted. "They have sent us some airs that my niece, a fine musician, considers very good; but as the accompaniments were lacking . . ."—Gluck's music without "the accompaniments"—really, that is not enough!—Subsequently he reports: "A lady whose voice much resembles that of Mlle. Le Maure sang me a *recitativo misurato* by this reformer and gave me the liveliest pleasure." On another occasion he writes: "Will I not come to hear *Orphée*, that people prefer to the music of Rameau?" And again: "It appears to me that Louis XVI and M. Gluck are going to create a new epoch." This man, whose prophetic vision embraced a universe, felt an instinctive sympathy for an art that was to become the art of the future.

Diderot was also distant from Paris, at the court of Catherine in Russia. On his return he deemed it the part of wisdom to refrain from participation in new disputes; nevertheless he wrote, under the alias "Bemetzrieder," an "Essai sur le tolerantisme musical" (Essay on Musical Toleration; 1779, at the height of the war between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists), in which, while arguing in favor of liberty in art, he let it be clearly understood that his sympathies were on the side of the reformer.

D'Alembert likewise held aloof from the affray; the high position that he had won in science did not allow him to commit himself is a matter of disputes which were sometimes conducted on rather a low level. But it may be imagined that he did not disagree with his friend Mlle. Lespinasse in this outpouring of ardent enthusiasm: "My friend, I have just heard *Orphée*; it has

soothed and calmed my spirit. . . . This music grips me; my soul is athirst for such poignancy of woe. I was thrilled by the anguish, the felicity of the passion, etc." And we have already noted the enravishment of Jean-Jacques Rousseau when he had an opportunity to hear Gluck's music performed, instead of merely reading the score. To those who found fault with it as wanting in melody he responded: "I find that songful melody (*le chant*) gushes from all its pores"; and if he heard discussions on the qualities or defects of any music other than this, he contented himself with warbling, as if lost in ecstasy, "Ah! j'ai perdu mon Euridice!"

And now new writers who, truth to tell, were only the odds and ends of the philosophers and Encyclopædists, plucked up heart to fall in behind them and swell the following of Gluck. The principal champion was Abbé Renaud, a southron possessed of the abundant and picturesque eloquence peculiar to natives of that region, together with a fund of solid attainments; an enthusiast with a great love of music, an art to which he had from youth planned to devote a voluminous work (which he never wrote, for he was one of those southerners who like to talk better than to write). "One should not [so said Grétry] always listen either to Diderot or to Abbé Arnaud when they give rein to their imagination; but the primary impulse of these two ardent men partook of divine inspiration."

Suard, younger than these, was on the contrary a cold-blooded man. Early an intimate of the salon of Mme. Geoffrin, he was during his needy youth a protégé of Holbein, d'Alembert, Voltaire and Buffon; thereafter he himself won a high position among men of letters. Closely linked with Arnaud, he became his associate in the defense of Gluck. Arnaud was impulsive, a man of initiative and imagination; Suard, a man of cool calculation, who guided the pen. Gluck owed much to their concerted assistance.

Certain others, of similar antecedents, might have marched beside them; but for various reasons they went over to the opposition.

One such was Marmontel, former prize-pupil of provincial academies, author of official poems for the glorification of kings, protégé of Mme. de Pompadour, a journalist without malice and, for that reason, at first unsuccessful, though finally winning success with moral tales not on a par with those of Voltaire. One fine day he won fame through his incarceration in the Bastille for a satire he did not write. As the author of wretched tragedies, and of some libretti for comedy-operas that were somewhat better, he was made for subordinate jobs, and incapable of rising in spirit

to the plane of the noble conceptions of genius. He would gladly have collaborated with Gluck; but when he saw his ambition in this direction frustrated, he joined the enemy.

He now met with La Harpe, a ridiculous, spiteful and bigoted pedant who might have merited more or less esteem if he had limited his ambition to the compilation of grammars, but who, when it came to pronouncing judgment on matters of art, discovered a total lack of comprehension.

Such were the principal personages on whom it devolved to direct public opinion with regard to its attitude toward Gluck's deserts and the dispute in which he was opposed by Piccinni. They were, even those first named, on a plane certainly lower than that of the philosophers who had led the earlier war. And, as frequently happens in such conflicts, the wrangle soon degenerated to the low level of personal imputations. Gluck had to defend himself against accusations of plagiarism; he was deeply hurt. The rivalry thus stirred up in his despite was, moreover, a sufficient reason that he, a master of superior genius who had come from afar to accomplish his high mission, should feel profound disgust at finding himself entangled in such intrigues at a time when he had almost finished his task, and the far-reaching reform at which he had aimed was accomplished to the extent that he could expect.

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The true inwardness of the matter, the real gist of the opposition whose effects were so painful to Gluck, is compressed in a brief dialogue between Abbé Arnaud, a well-nigh fanatical admirer of his, and an Italian who could not endure any attack on his national music:

"He has rediscovered the dolor of the ancients," said the former after hearing *Alceste*.

To which the other responded:

"I should prefer the pleasure of the moderns."

He who pronounced this memorable dictum was the Marquis of Caraccioli, ambassador from Naples to Paris. He was playing his part; he sustained the cause of the music of his country, preferring Italian sensualism to Gluck's austerity.

Gluck continued the tradition of French opera. He was not in competition with either Lully or Rameau; on the contrary, he completed them. To do so, he levied on other resources;

thereby he confirms the universality of his artistry. But it was in France alone that he was permitted to find a favorable field for the accomplishment of his mission, and only after responding to the call of French philosophers was he enabled to achieve his glorious task.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

EURHYTHMICS AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

By E. JAKES-DALCROZE

FOR over twenty years I have been professor of harmony at the Conservatoire of Geneva. During this period, I have had many opportunities of recognising how defective were the majority of my pupils, even the most advanced, in the most elementary musical ability. I found the simplest elements, the "knowledge of sound" and the "sense of rhythm," so imperfectly developed that theoretical instruction could be imparted only in the most tortuous way, and amid continual obstacles. It was chiefly important, in the classes I was then teaching, to find a systematic method for the formation of tonal feeling and the sense of harmony. A number of exercises, whose object was to perfect the hearing and to obtain the so-called "relative" audition, immediately met with satisfactory results, though they were found to be incomplete as soon as the voice, the natural instrument for controlling the ear, was compelled to make the sounds rhythmic and accurate at the same time. Then I had the idea of instilling into my pupils a sense of rhythm by making use, not of theoretical explanations, but rather of sensorial experiments. It was my aim to develop the temperament first, and then the sense of metre, for the two are complementary. How many there are, possessed of spontaneous rhythmic faculties, and yet unable to express themselves except irregularly. And how many others excel in harmoniously timing inadequate emotional expansions.

Consequently, it was my object, after endeavouring to train the pupil's ear, to awaken in him, by means of special gymnastics, the sense of his personal body-rhythm, and to induce him to give metrical order to the spontaneous manifestations of his physical nature. Sound rhythms had to be stepped, or obtained by gestures; it was also necessary to find a system of notation capable of measuring the slightest nuances of duration, so as to respond both to the demands of the music and to the bodily needs of the individual.

Experience has shown me that far more people are musically gifted than is generally imagined. Often have I found musical talent latent in persons whom no master had succeeded in educating along artistic lines. Now, talent can be developed only through physiological experiments. The school should attempt not only to increase the number of a child's attainments, but also to develop

his sensibility. Rhythm plays an important part in every manifestation of human nature. Long ago, the Greeks attached great importance to rhythmic movement. They recognised the beneficent influence of a rhythmic education of both body and mind. They also knew that this rhythmic education was capable of influencing the inner life of man. Plato said:

Rhythm, *i.e.*, the expression of order and symmetry, penetrates by way of the body into the soul and into the entire man, revealing to him the harmony of his whole personality.

How important a part is played by the rhythmic impulse in everyday life! It is this that facilitates all movements, once metre has rendered automatic those that are isolated. On the one hand, rhythm rouses the powers of man and ensures continuity of effort; on the other hand, it husbands these powers, creating alternatives of activity and rest. Capacity for work is thereby increased and work is done joyfully, and without distaste.

Primitive peoples introduce rhythm into their work by singing; when tired, they obtain relief through rhythmic movements to the accompaniment of the tom-tom. In these days, owing to the development of modern life, the rhythmic sense is paralysed in many of us, even partially destroyed. Machinery has taken the place of handicraft; man has become the slave of a machine. Instead of mastering work, he has become its slave. The natural rhythms, developed in him by the movements of sound, find themselves atrophied. It is possible, however, to restore to man these natural rhythms. Intelligent education may awaken the whole of those powers of expansion, of *élan* and elasticity, which make up the instinctive rhythm of an individual. Then it will undertake to coördinate spontaneous movements, to eliminate those that are unnecessary, to harmonise and proportion their association or dissociation. The study of rhythm is essentially physical; it develops the unconscious manifestations of the temperament. The study of measure depends on intellect and reason; it develops the powers of control. To vibrate *without measure*, then to express oneself *in measure*: such is the province of man and of the perfect artist, who is able to combine in his life and work the qualities of vital expansion which constitute rhythm, along with those intellectual qualities which create order in time and "metrical harmony."

Thus do the nervous system, the intellect and the soul become strengthened and unified, awakening in man the sense of rhythm and music. Once the bodily rhythms are completely freed from

all nervous or intellectual oppositions, the play of movements becomes automatic, and the elimination of unnecessary muscular contractions produces a notable diminution of effort.

And so the activity and free expansion of the motor sensations, along with the possibility of harmonising them, should be the object of a dual and common education in man.

Why are there so many people who, with crowds of ideas and emotions in mind and soul, are yet incapable of coördinating these ideas and mentally reviving these emotions in all their fullness and power? This appears to be due to the fact that the sensations which called forth these thoughts and emotions were not sufficiently deep-rooted, and did not stir the entire organism, as they ought to have done. The sensations have acted on an undeveloped body without any natural aptitude for rhythm, lacking in measure and balance, and reacting but partially. The discipline of sensation and the practice of impulse at every stage of energy and duration, are at the root of all education of the personality. These psycho-physical exercises are also the foundation of rhythmic gymnastics.

The special merit of gymnastics based on rhythm is that it unites the body and soul in education, blending them in a close correlation. What is rhythm? Is it spiritual or corporeal? Assuredly it is both. There is no rhythm which is not manifested physically; the rhythm of sounds, for instance, implies the rhythm of breathing or that of those portions of the body which are moved by a musician when playing an instrument. Thus it may be said that no rhythm can take place without the participation of the bodily powers. Neither can any succession of rhythms come about without the collaboration of the mind, for this requires a coördination, a definite sequence, an equal distribution of forces in time and space. Everything rhythmic therefore implies complete union of mind and body, creating the miracle of their close interpenetration. Here, indeed, is found the moral value of all rhythmic gymnastics as well as its influence on the hygiene of body and mind.

A mind, educated and strengthened in accordance with our principles, will be able to exercise absolute sway over the body. And the body in turn, formed and instructed by the principles of rhythm, will readily come under the sway of the intellect.

Psychologists have long since recognised what an influence rhythmic movements are capable of exercising upon the brains of abnormal children. Naturally their influence is as great upon healthy children, possessed of a more complete power of relaxation.

Muscular sensations enrich the brain, and man is at once both the possessor and the distributor of vital powers. To prevent himself from becoming the slave of these powers, and to remain constantly their master, man has need of rhythm—the coördinating element of all his activities.

Vital rhythm, well controlled and placed deliberately at the service of expression, is the beginning of art. No movement could be perfect without being easy; it could not be easy without being beautiful. The training of the natural rhythms of the human organism quite naturally endows beauty with a body, and this in the best possible way, that of nature. By being ingrafted upon the physical nature, music becomes more human, at the same time spiritualising all bodily forms. Sound movement becomes plastic, sound is converted into image, sequence of sounds into harmonious bodily movements.

The three main branches of instruction that I recommend are: rhythmic gymnastics, rhythmic solfège, and rhythmic improvisation, *i.e.*, rapid composition. These three elements are dealt with separately. They are however, connected together by movement, and their mutual action is such that they cannot exist without—and continually complement—one another.

The muscular and nervous systems should be so formed and developed that the body may be capable of reproducing any rhythmical movement whatsoever. On the other hand, the ear—the recipient of music—should be trained to recognise and to differentiate between all sound-rhythms. No one can be a musician without possessing the faculty of recognising and combining sounds, as well as that of regulating and accentuating their movements. All movement should proceed from within; it should be lived and then externalised. As Mattis Lussy said: "Every musical manifestation has a physiological basis." For this reason it is necessary to teach children in school to convert the cadenced movements of music into cadenced movements of the body, and *vice versa*. Space and time should be subject to rhythm. The object of rhythmic gymnastics is the perfection of the strength and suppleness of the muscles in terms of time and space. We must not assume any rhythmic exercise without musical accompaniment, for music alone permits of divisions in time. It penetrates direct into our nervous centres, and rapidly and immediately controls the division of time and space. In addition, it is a superior agent of healthy excitation.

Truly rhythmical movements ought to come about impulsively and spontaneously. They overcome the oppositions naturally

met with by every kind of inadequately exercised movement, and produce activity that is both instinctive and conscious. On the one hand, the movements should take place automatically; on the other hand, the pupil should create at will movements to which he is unused. He learns to obey orders given by music within a minimum space of time. He practises reproducing movements by observing and noting the rhythms produced by his companions. This method of observing and reproducing, however, does not constitute mechanical imitation. To be able to reproduce a rhythm, one must have it in oneself, assimilate it. Gradually the pupil will need only a minimum of strength and will to carry out the most complex rhythmic exercises, all the various oppositions having been overcome and causing no further obstacles. Thus children from ten to twelve years of age, after three years' teaching, can produce physically the most complex rhythms without fatigue, even without the slightest intellectual preoccupation.

The bodily gracefulness that ease affords has caused certain teachers—unacquainted with the intimate nature of rhythmical exercises—to think that this method mainly aims at creating harmony of movement. This is quite a mistake. The various dance and calisthenic systems show the pupils how to acquire *external* gracefulness. Now, eurhythmics pursues no æsthetic object whatsoever; it proceeds *from within outwards* and its influence is exercised upon the whole body. Its exercises arouse the muscular sensibility and regulate the relations between the two poles of our being, the physical and the intellectual. . . . Alas, how few children can dispose freely of their natural means of activity and expression! To think and act rhythmically is to permit the establishment of easy and normal communications between all the centres of our psycho-physical activity. Few children are born rhythmical. No sooner had I introduced my rhythmic exercises into children's classes, than I was struck by the abnormalities of every kind shown in many of the pupils. I speedily came to recognise that the bodily defects of these children were closely related to defects of character. A certain child, unbalanced in gait, was found to be unbalanced in reasoning power; another, incapable of stepping to music without lagging at each step, found it difficult in school to follow a discussion or an explanation; another, who *hurried* ahead as he advanced, passed his emotional and intellectual life in precipitate excitement. . . . When I started classes for teachers of my method, I became still more certain and convinced.

It is sad to note how few completely normal children there are in a class. What different forms may be assumed by that malady—so serious and yet so seldom analysed and treated by doctors—which has been given the name of *arythmie* or lack of rhythm! This is due to disharmony between the cerebral driving machinery and the practical motor forces. At the outset of my experiments, I was content to bring regularity into gait and gesture, to force the body to act accordingly. Then, discovering that the irregularity was often the resultant of insufficient spontaneity in motor rhythms, I instituted alternating experiments, some of which aim at arousing and exciting the temperament, developing the muscular elasticity without which no nervous reaction can impart full impetus to the motor system, while the rest, once the impulsive faculties are unconsciously and irrationally developed, aim at harmonising and coördinating them in accordance with the laws that control the relations between time, space and dynamic force.

It was my teachers' classes that showed me the manifest power of rhythmic gymnastics in transforming the mind along the lines of greater self-possession, stronger power of imagination, more constant mental concentration. Did this mean that children could not profit, equally with adults, from eurhythmics? By no means. Still, the effect of my exercises was inevitably feeble when lessons were few and far between (two lessons per week are insufficient to cure abnormal children!) than in classes where eurhythmics is practised for two hours each day. Consequently, in future I shall carry on my work by attempting to introduce rhythmic gymnastics into the elementary schools, with one daily lesson of fifteen or twenty minutes, or perhaps four half-hour lessons per week.¹ Under these conditions, I imagine that motor habits will become regularly established in five or six years. Naturally, such an upheaval of the school curriculum will not come about without a severe struggle. It seems to me, however, that if nerve specialists would be good enough to study my experiments carefully, they would speedily recognise the therapeutic value of exercises that control muscular contraction and relaxation, in every nuance of time, energy and space. I have had occasion to give lessons to large numbers of ultra-nervous children, all suffering from too frequent contractions and irregular decontractions, or from too deep-rooted vital expansions, *i.e.*, from too rapid and complete exhaustion. Others were incapable of rapid impulsions, or of natural successions of quick and slow movements.

¹The results obtained in certain village schools of Switzerland are perfectly satisfactory.

The constant preoccupation of the intellectual centres to control the motor apparatus produces a state of irritation, discouragement and lack of self-confidence which only increases the nervous disturbance. All this results in obsessions which interrupt normal life and end in creating imaginary diseases. How many adult pupils there are, suffering from pianist's or violinist's cramp, who—when freed from the constant preoccupation of the “dashing effect” which their lack of technique prevented them from carrying out—have regained full use of hand or arm!

Remember that the master must be continually advising the pupils to relax, and that the laws of movement, according to our method, are wholly dependent on the state of relaxation which precedes movement. Each movement may have an endless number of preparations which the various systems of hygienic and sport gymnastics study but accidentally. Indeed, their object consists rather in developing muscular energy and in teaching a great number of specialised movements. Such training is evidently necessary. But the object of eurhythmics is—in addition—to enable the pupils to invent, and afterwards to perform, any succession or combination of related or unrelated, coöperating or antagonistic movements. Our exercises tend to set up an uninterrupted current between imaginative conceptions and practical results. We are dealing, so to speak, with permeation of the intellectual by the irrational, and, as Ribot says, of the unconscious by the conscious. The effect of these exercises, in persevering subjects capable of gauging their strength, and of setting up in their lives an alternate rhythm of work and rest, is to release the mind from morbid obsessions and to instil into the whole life more of naturalness and of *abandon*, at the same time strengthening clarity of vision and developing the will. It is such joy to succeed in acting freely through eliminating useless manifestations, to give ourselves up, body and mind to the expression of feelings, to act without exaggerated analyses or explanations, and to escape from the *deceitfulness of words!* We thus regain, as it were, the virginity of vital elementary impressions. We are not ashamed to let ourselves go, because we know that there has been created within us a regulating force which will keep us from *excessive* self-abandonment. And we joyfully give ourselves up to the natural expansion of our feelings and sensations, because we feel that by fullness of life our whole nature becomes transformed.

This joy is evidently also created by the fact that lessons are taken in common, to musical accompaniment. Music forges a link between the pupils. A multiple life animates every organism,

constituting a single rhythm traversed by many currents, all differing in expression, though inspired by one will. In the combination of movements—frequently so beautiful—of ordinary gymnastics, the body-rhythms of several gymnastics do not combine, or complete each other; their forms alone frequently repeat themselves. Here there is no true polyrhythm, for what we have is not collaboration of act and thought but rather repetition of an act imposed on a consenting mass. In the combination exercises of rhythmic gymnastics, each participant feels himself responsible for the execution of the common rhythm, just as each player in an orchestra is aware that the isolated part he plays cannot be withdrawn from the “whole” without injuring the thought and life of the work itself. During a lesson in eurhythmics there comes into being a sort of special atmosphere, filling each pupil with a quite individual sensation of solidarity. A force similar to that of electricity permeates the hall, linking the various organisms to each other. Frequently a single antagonistic thought or the fatigue of an individual breaks the charm and destroys the cohesion of all these agglomerated human rhythms, productive of one common rhythm that throbs with an intense collective life. The sense of being one in a host of vibrant thoughts and wills momentarily destroys all personal preoccupation. In many cases, my pupils have been cured of *idées fixes*, of special obsessions. Many others have regained self-confidence once they are able to see clearly into their own body and mind, to grasp the relations that unite physical and intellectual rhythms.

These results, confirmed by all teachers who have followed out my experiments, prove that education by rhythm is calculated not simply to develop the æsthetic sense—as so many think—but above all to mould the child's character, to give him courage and make him in love with life. I think that this quality possessed by rhythmic gymnastics, of overcoming bashfulness and timidity, is calculated to influence not only the imaginative and creative powers but also the general health, seeing that it gives power to struggle against disease or bad habits. It was as a musician that I invented my system and thus I continue to teach it. Nevertheless, I regard it as my duty to point out to specialists—both in education and in medicine—my conviction that the cultivation of temperament, along the lines here suggested, may contribute to the moulding of greater, more imaginative and more worthy human beings.

(Translated by Fred Rothwell)

THE SIGNS OF STYLE IN MUSIC

By VICTOR BELAIEV

1

STYLE AND THE IDEA

STYLE is a relative concept. The question of style is the question of its relativity, *i.e.*, of the extent to which the elements are present in an artistic composition. Style cannot exist apart from a composition, though the existence of the latter is theoretically conceivable independently of style, which is actually only one of the factors contributing to the shaping of an idea into a composition. The presence of style in a composition is the presence of a particular formative principle, sufficiently simple so far as its elements are concerned, and extremely complex in the reciprocal action of these elements on each other and on the remaining elements entering into the composition.

The idea is the primary factor in an artistic work and conditions the whole process of its creation. As the primary factor the idea is in itself absolutely without style. It may be compared to the atom containing two mutually opposing electricities, making it on the one hand the simplest of complex phenomena, and on the other securing for it the possibility of linking up with other idea-atoms, without which neither the thinking nor the creative process can exist. The idea of a composition is the thought clothed in the form of a definite thesis which impresses some outlook on life; that is to say, it has the significance of a certain general attitude, which is at the same time actual, and not purely abstract, nor even materially abstract. The assistance of style in the formation of a composition does not take place until the primary idea-atom has begun to group around itself other idea-atoms; and even then style does not immediately enter into its rights, but has to come after other formative factors, such as grammar, logic, etc.

Directly style is able to put in an appearance, a reciprocal action is set up between it and the ideas of the composition, transmitted from the one to the other by means of thousands of threads, which are sometimes very difficult, if not quite impossible, to follow. Style, once born, acquires the importance of an instrument of production, and like any other instrument affects the

process of the work—helping it in some cases and hindering it in others. When the thought runs in the usual channels and is moulded into forms familiar to the artist, the assistance of style facilitates the operation; but it becomes a hindrance if the artist's thought is not satisfied with the forms to which he is accustomed, and which he has previously employed, but seeks others in which to embody itself.

What part in the formation of an artistic composition is left to the share of style? In other words, how can style be defined? It may be defined as the combination of the methods of expression employed in any composition. The purpose of an artistic work is to produce an effect on men—it does not exist of itself nor for itself. To accomplish this purpose it must appeal to the intellect and the senses; that is to say, it must be both intelligible and striking. Style, as defined above, is called upon to satisfy the latter requirement, and this fact not only puts the concept of style in a secondary position in respect to the idea of a composition, but also establishes its close connection with the other factors which give form to the idea, and which in their turn are formed by style.

One of the most essential prerogatives of style is its prominent rôle in the economy of creation and the creative process, since economy of the means of expression appears to be a fundamental requirement of style; in all the other factors which help to give form to the idea this is absent, and is replaced by the demand for adequacy of expression. Economy of the creative process is, of course, a very relative concept, varying with the interpretation of the term at different periods. What is economical for one period or form may be extravagant for another, and vice versa. In any case, however, the principle of economy of the means of expression is always and inalienably present in the concept of style.

Style may have various qualities, according to the art to which it is applied, to the period in which it is created, to a number of other causes. Nevertheless, two only need be considered as fundamental elements: (a) economy of the means of expression and (b) clearness of the means of expression. The mutual distribution of these elements in a composition creates its style, which quantitatively (the economy of the means of expression) may vary from the laconic to the verbose, and qualitatively (the clearness of the means of expression) may include the whole gamut of the shades of expression. The fundamental elements of style are capable of analysis into "sub-elements," but this usually leads to the establishment of the elements of good style

and not those of style in general. As we are confining ourselves here to the determination of objective concepts only, it is understood that the terms "economy" and "clearness" of the means of expression include all their gradations, taken not merely with a plus but even with a minus sign. In practice the concept of style in general is usually employed, instead of that of good style at which we have hinted.

2

STYLE AND THE COMPOSITION

A composition is the result of giving form to an idea. It is the conglomeration of the idea-atoms grouped round the fundamental idea-atom upon which it is based. At the same time, a composition is the outcome of an effort of the human will, and is not spontaneously developed. The positive and negative electricities of the idea-atom are blind in themselves, and it is only through obedience to the forces of attraction and repulsion that the idea-atoms are able to form a mechanical union with innumerable other idea-atoms. The human will is directed towards the employment of these or other means to attain its purpose, which is the development of an idea into a finished work of art. It seeks a way to accomplish this and finds it in the process of construction, the plan of which provides the scheme of the composition, the result being achieved in the form of the latter.

Thus the method by which an idea takes form in a composition will be as follows: (1) the point of departure—the idea; (2) the plan in view—the scheme; (3) the process—the construction of the composition; and (4) the result—the finished form of the composition, which may be regarded as the culmination of the creator's conception.

The actual process is, therefore, merely one of construction, the material being provided by the primary idea-atoms with their power of forming a union with other ideas, and by the more complex agglomerations with their centres of attraction (the individual finished sections of a composition). The working-out of a scheme—in itself a creative process with all its specific peculiarities—is not important in the construction of a composition, for which a scheme is only of consequence as a ready-made product, as one of the formative means, to a considerable extent, but not entirely, predetermining the formative process. The latter appears to be the most weighty moment in the creation of a composition, and in it many factors participate—beginning with the blind efforts of the idea-atoms to combine, and ending with the higher process

of selecting possible combinations of the idea-atoms and their self-organized agglomerations.

The higher process is the treatment of the material from the point of view of style, and is preceded by the logical and grammatical working-up of that material. Logic controls the collation of the ideas and the inferences to be deduced therefrom. Grammar introduces orderliness into the methods of providing the ideas with an adequate external form (the expression "external form" is here used in its most restricted sense). Style, however, makes a selection from the material thus provided by logic and grammar, with a view to the requirements of economy and clearness of expression, and in this respect it proves to be the main factor in determining the proportions of a composition, *i.e.*, the distribution of tensions and relaxations (the quantitative selection), and of light and shade (the qualitative selection and elaboration of the material).

Once it has made its appearance, style begins to have a sort of independent existence. By virtue of this, the demands of an established style, for instance, are not less considerable than those made by the constructive side of the scheme of a composition. The importance of the methods and usages of style often determines, not merely the construction, but even the scheme, *i.e.*, practically the entire form assumed by a composition. In this event the equilibrium between the style and the ideas is destroyed or, to be more exact, we have a preponderance of the mechanical methods of style (inasmuch as the habitual always borders on the mechanical sphere) over the creative.

Style also sets out to reveal its true nature, which has much in common with that of logic and grammar, and consists in the traditionalism of its fundamental methods. The stylistic methods and customs, in growing complicated and augmenting the supply of its means of expression, form whole layers or strata in the art of any period, exercising a substantial influence on the development and shaping of the material. They are then able to fetter the creative imagination, turning it in the direction of the employment of the customary methods of expression.

As we know, every young author experiences at the outset of his creative activity a series of extraneous influences and undergoes an imitative period. The latter is due to his imperfect mastery of the methods of style. Logic and grammar, and even form itself, are factors more neutral than style, which imparts expressiveness to a composition and is the most actively impressive principle.

From the foregoing it is evident that the composition and style are not one and the same thing, since a composition is the result of shaping an idea into a conception, whereas style is only one of the forms assumed, one of the methods of building up the material.

3

STYLE AND DYNAMICS

We have seen that the style of a composition is neither the starting-point—the idea—nor the result of the creative process—the finished work. The former is by nature without style, the latter is to a considerable extent the outcome of the development of the material on the lines of style. A composition is neither logic, nor grammar, nor style—it merely bears the impress of development in accordance with all three. What we usually call the style of a composition, and define by various more or less rational or more or less paradoxical methods, is only the expressive exterior. Essentially the combination of the expressive means of shaping the material, style is a dynamic concept, *i.e.*, a factor and not a result of the creative process.

As a phenomenon of a dynamic order, style is very closely connected with the tempo of life; at the same time it economizes in every possible way the expenditure of energy on the part of the receiving consciousness. This is so evident that no special explanation is required. By the expression “tempo of life” we mean the filling-up of human life with events. The tension of the tempo of life depends on the rapidity with which these events change, and this tension has an immediate effect on style, since style is the product of life itself.

We thus come into close contact with the question of the connection of style with some particular historical period, or with time in general. The conception of time existing at any period finds its complete reflection in the style of the works of art of that period.

The dynamics of style are manifested in all the time-arts in the process of the construction of the material of a composition, though the actual scheme of that construction must foresee the effectiveness of the principal dynamic moments of the composition. If we turn to literature and take, for instance, the sphere of the novel, we shall find in the scheme a distribution or, to be more exact, a marking out, of the climaxes and the chief stages in the development of the plot. At the same time we shall discover the actual process of the construction of the scheme, beginning with

the grouping of the characters and events, and the determination of the motives forming a logical connection between them, and ending with the external finishing touches, which fix the dynamism of the process in forms having this or the other style. With the drama, again, we have a far greater degree of dynamism, as the descriptive element, essentially indispensable in the novel, is replaced by the scenery, and the description of the behavior of the characters (and to some extent of the motives prompting them) by the acting.

As is always the case in the phenomena of life, especially in those of a creative order, there is a close coöperation between all the aspects of the vital process. Thanks to this the separation of any side of the creative process from the others can only be relative and not absolute, *i.e.*, it cannot be regarded apart from the others. In defining the concept of style we must compare it with other concepts, and we can do this only abstractly and theoretically, and not practically and actually. In separating the concept of style in its most essential qualities from those of form, logic, and grammar, we cannot ignore the reciprocal action which exists between them, and which creates an intermediate concept having signs mutually common to the others, and often distributed in the intermediate concept in a very capricious and complex form.

4

THE SIGNS OF STYLE

The concept of style, like any other positive concept, must have its corresponding negative—in this instance the absence of style. From the moment style begins to exist as a phenomenon, we can hardly speak of its absence, though it might be possible to do so prior to its creation. We must, therefore, recognize that in a sphere in which style in general can be discussed it must be present, and that it can only be absent where the concept of style is not generally applicable. That is to say, we can merely speak of the degree to which it is present; if there is more of it we shall call it "good style," if less "bad style." By what signs can we distinguish good from bad style? By those deduced from the definition of the concept style. If we admit that it is the combination of the means of expression used by the composer to attain the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of energy by the recipient, it will be evident that the chief signs of style are those peculiar to its principal elements, *i.e.*, economy and clearness of the means of expression. As already stated, these are

relative concepts, and their limits coincide with the extent of the faculties of our receptive organs in relation to the actual reception. The only standard by which the quantity of style present can be determined (the term "quantity" is used intentionally, instead of "quality," which would seem more fitting here) is the method of comparison usually employed in analyzing the style of a composition.

But the accuracy of this analysis is prejudiced by the fact that we also have to do with secondary signs, and that the signs of other factors involved in the concept of style are often unconsciously substituted for those of style. The secondary signs, quantitative and qualitative, are connected in some way with or deduced from the principal signs. For instance, the secondary signs in regard to the principal qualitative sign of clearness of means of expression will be intensity, expressiveness, etc.; and those in regard to the principal quantitative sign of economy of the means of expression will be brevity and all the concepts connected with duration. Thus we can include amongst the signs of style such expressions as simplicity, clearness, naturalness, etc.—briefly all the terms in the critic's lexicon which have to do with the two fundamental and principal signs of style.

In accepting this position it is also necessary to recognize that the establishment of the signs of style must follow the experimental method, and that a practical approach to the business in hand must include, first of all, the compilation of a dictionary of critical terms applicable to the quantitative and qualitative fundamental elements of the style of any composition or period. In the final result we shall have a rather small number of signs characterizing the quantitative side, and a very considerable number characterizing the qualitative side, with all the positive and negative gradations, amounting in the long run to the concepts "good" and "bad," *i.e.*, to concepts connected with the question of taste.

In spite of the objections to the estimation of works of art from the point of view of taste, and the efforts to discover a means of objective appreciation, absolute objectivity is unattainable, and the only substitute is appreciation in accordance with a more or less universal or social standard, determined by a continually increasing number of individuals who think alike on the subject.

All human vitality, whether of man himself or of his creations, is of a social order. Style, as a dynamic factor, is also a factor of a social order, since its principal signs include the sign of quality, which needs the approval of some social group, large or small.

In demonstrating the reciprocal action between the style and the ideas of a composition we indicated the possibility of defects in the style of a fine work and of merits—even outstanding merits—in the style of a work of less consequence. We also admitted that a composition might be estimated not only from the point of view of style, but also from other aspects, the most important being the idea, the form, and the construction—the working-up of the material into the form. The feasibility of a comparative appreciation of all these aspects is based on the fact that the form, the style, and the construction, like the whole conception of the work, depend on the fundamental idea and are to a considerable extent conditioned by it, though they themselves do not condition the idea. From this point of view we are quite correct in speaking of the complete or incomplete embodiment of the idea in respect of form, style, etc. The appreciation of each individual factor, however, depends on its existence as a separate phenomenon.

5

SIGNS OF STYLE IN MUSIC

We have shown that there is a difference in dynamic intensity between the novel and the drama, *i.e.*, between two of the forms of literature—the verbally-descriptive time-art. Literature deprived of the verbally-descriptive means of expression would prove to be—if such were possible—a transitional step towards music—the purely dynamic time-art. It is evident that in some respects literature and music meet on common ground, whilst in others they are at variance. The element of sound is common to both, but music, as compared with literature, is more remote from life and at the same time, owing to its greater dynamic saturation, has a more powerful emotional effect.

Music is a time-art pure and simple, whereas literature is a blend of the time- and descriptive-arts. The latter quality—descriptiveness—provides a bridge between literature and the depictive arts (painting and sculpture), of which, for practical purposes, architecture is an abstract form. The predominance of the formal element allies architecture to music, which is a sort of abstract literature (it uses none of the images employed by literature) and seems to be, rather than really is, a more formal art than literature. The resemblance between music and literature, very often emphasized, closes the circle of the arts, as it were. But this is only apparently so, as at both ends of the spectrum of the arts we have, so to speak, *infra-musical* and *ultra-architectural*

phenomena which are beyond the reach of the human senses. Furthermore—and this is a very essential fact—we can pass from music to architecture through literature and the depictive arts, or from architecture to music through the depictive arts and literature, but not from music to painting through architecture. In the latter case the only intermediary is literature, which supplies us with a verbal programme of a musical composition and at the same time expounds the subject of a picture.

Music being purely a time-art, is based on the relative idea of time prevailing at one or another historical period. This idea of time, as we have indicated above, is the product of sociological factors in the widest sense of the term.

From the definition of style as the combination of the means of expression it may be inferred that its descriptive qualities, applicable to literature, have no meaning for music. Thus, so far as the latter is concerned, the qualitative characteristics and signs of style play a considerably small part, whilst the sphere of the quantitative signs (the reckoning of time) is greatly extended in comparison with that of literature in general, and of poetry (the form of literature nearest to music) in particular.

Thanks to the predominance of the element of style in musical creation as compared with the elements of logic and grammar (the latter is very vaguely recognized in music), and also to the purely dynamic quality of music as an art, we usually find that the estimate of musical compositions is confined to their style, and that taste very often enters into it. In this connection the use of the word "style" is more frequent than in the case of any of the other arts except architecture. We divide the history of music into a series of styles which replace one another—the monodic, the contrapuntal, and the harmonic. These differ in the methods of treating the musical (tonal) material, and embrace a wider sphere than the concept of style, which is an exact concept. Monodic music, being written for a single voice, lacks counterpoint and harmony, with which it may be contrasted. Counterpoint and harmony, however, differ from each other in the purely technical methods of developing the material—methods which cannot be referred to style in its unadulterated form.

The signs of style in music are its two main principles in their present form—the quantitative principle in its mathematical aspect, and the qualitative principle in its specific application to music. Quantitatively, good musical style is based on the principle of the measurement of time and the regularity of the proportions and equilibrium of the parts resulting therefrom; qualitatively,

on the selection of homogeneous material for the purpose of giving form to the idea of the musical movement, *i.e.*, the dynamic idea, which has no connection with any external forms analogous to those of the other arts. In our harmonic music the choice of material is based on and regulated by the acoustic principle, and the characteristics of the style of any period, school, or composer are mainly to be seen in the chordal combinations employed. These characteristics are so plainly evident that they may be separated into distinct groups—such as tonic, subdominant and dominant—and the development and growing complexity of each group may be followed throughout a considerable interval of time.

The quantitative signs of style in music, as in any art, have a decisive influence on the form of a composition. The qualitative signs, however, constitute the chief element of the expressive side of music, in so far as any change in the harmonic aspect is promptly reflected in the melodic aspect, as well as in the orchestration and the timbre expressiveness.

The history of music is really the history of the development of musical style, but not in the sense in which it is usually understood. No music can be considered to be lacking in harmony. Even monody is harmonic music in so far as (apart from acoustic conditions) it anticipates and prepares for the harmonic style in the turns of the melodic phrases, as well as in the organization of the complexes of tones employed in the latter. The subsequent history of the development of music is concerned with harmonic styles, from the interval to the chord. The contrapuntal methods, lately revived in the form of what is known as "lineality," appear to be only a means to the active recognition of the harmonic laws, which amounts in the long run to the recognition of the possibilities of style in harmony. To use a common expression, we are now on the eve, let us say, of the quarter-tonal style—using the term "quarter-tonal" in the sense of the need that has been made clear for smaller tonal units than those hitherto employed. But it would be more correct to say that we are approaching the period of quarter-tonal music or ultrachromaticism, which must replace our chromaticism, just as the latter replaced diatonism.

If we grant that style is preëminently a dynamic factor, we must admit that its development, particularly in the case of musical style, keeps pace with the general development and complication of the dynamics of life. We must therefore recognize that the musical style of our period, as associated with human experiences, is intensely dynamic, reflecting all the technical and nervous tension of our age. In this connection the contemporary

style must be described as a complexity (the quantitative sign of style) of the mathematical ratios employed in the stylistic elaboration of the musical material, together with a certain brevity (laconicism) of form, and a concentration of vigorous expression on individual moments of a composition, as the indispensable means of reacting on the nervous nature of modern man. And this is what we see in actual fact. The peculiarities of modern as well as of previous musical styles have not yet been thoroughly studied, but the fundamental stylistic principle of our own period appears to be the complexity of the details (against this we have the simplification of the forms) and the concentration of the attention on the salient, persistently emphasized, and often repeated central ideas of a composition. This change in style accounts for the declining interest in Wagner's music, with its broad proportions and its prolonged periods of strain, calculated on the protracted immersion of the receptive consciousness in the torrents of sound, and on a certain vigor and endurance of the nerves in this respect.

I cannot refrain from pointing out that, just as the development of music is the development of its style, so the individual development of the composer is the perfecting of his own style. The creative work of an artist is usually recognized as comprising three periods: his student years, his mature period, and the period of intense creative power, during which the ideas for the future are generated. In the case of a musician these three periods are often regarded as representing the three styles of a composer. As in the other arts, the idea of a composition, of course, plays the predominant part, and the distribution of the elements of style in a composition depends entirely upon it. In some instances the style is dominated by the idea (a poor style in a fine composition); in others the idea finds adequate representation in the style (a fine style in a fine composition); in others, again, the idea is so unimportant as to be lost amidst skilfully employed stylistic methods (a poor composition with a fine style)—methods inherited by the composer from bygone times.

We have seen the great importance of the stylistic elaboration of the material in a musical work. This is due to the fact that the sphere of grammar, which has so much to do with literature, is reduced almost to a minimum in music, being restricted to little more than orthography. Owing to the general nature and the formlessness of its ideas, grammar surrenders a considerable part of its functions to the logic of musical thinking, which controls the change of harmonies and tonalities and their distribution in a composition. Thanks to the presence of the mathematical

principle in a musical work, form in music assumes clear-cut outlines, the finished quality of which can be demonstrated by means of precise measurements. As for the thematic development of the material, thematism—constructively at least—is closely connected with the harmonic (stylistic in one respect and logical in the other) factors.

Whilst emphasizing harmony as the principal component of musical style, we cannot ignore the influence of the construction and technique of musical instruments on the style of the works written for them. But despite the immense importance of this factor in the formation of musical style, we must in this respect assign the priority to harmony, as the element determining the most essential, significant, and profound features of musical style.

Having regard to the fact that the constructive process is common to all the arts, and in view of the similarity of the method of giving form to the material (the idea, the scheme, the shaping, and the resultant composition), the comparative study of the styles of all the arts may yield substantially important practical results, by elucidating the real nature of all the formative factors and the part played by them in the creative process. The relativity of the concepts connected with the style—itself a relative concept—requires the comparative method of investigation, and no other.

(Translated by S. W. Pring)

RACE VALUES IN AFRAMERICAN MUSIC

By PAUL FRITZ LAUBENSTEIN

PRESERVATION AND VOGUE OF THE NEGRO SPIRITUALS

THE main steps in the process by which the sacred folk-music of the Negro has been saved and has come into its own can readily be traced. The emancipated freedman was only too willing to allow this, to him unpleasant, reminder of slave days to perish with the conditions that brought it forth. The Negro had already learned from his master to "line out" hymn tunes, and by 1867 these had begun to supplant his own more humble spirituals. Nor were the earlier songs apt to be any more to the taste of the aspiring Negro student of the *post-bellum* era. At positive factors in the preservation of this music, one may point to the magazine articles of the fifties and sixties; to the publication of "Slave Songs of the United States" by McKim, Allen and Ware in 1867; to the appreciation of its religious and musical value by educators from the North in the decade following the Civil War; to the pioneer work of Fisk University, and then of Hampton Institute, in collecting these spirituals; and still later to the efforts of Calhoun, Atlanta and Tuskegee. In the seventies came the *Ausbreitung*, with the traveling troupes from Fisk and Hampton presenting new beauties to the eyes of an astonished world. With this early work of collecting and popularization the names of Spaulding, Higginson, Miss McKim, Ware, Allen, J. M. Brown, Seward, Fenner, White, Pike, Marsh and Cable are inseparably connected.

Following this more sentimental awakening came the recognition of the national significance of the Negro music. Yet Dvořák was not the first to call the attention of Americans to this fact. The reviewer of "Slave Songs" in *The Nation* for Nov. 21, 1867, writes: "We utter no new truth when we affirm that whatever of nationality there is in the music of America she owes to her dusky children. Negro minstrelsy sprang from them, and from negro minstrelsy our truly national airs." Indeed, "Evangelist" in "Dwight's Journal of Music," in 1856, had already written: "The only musical population of this country are the Negroes of the South." And in the Preface to the 1891 Hampton collection of spirituals, Edward Everett Hale is cited as referring to them as the only American music.

But it was left for Dvořák, Coleridge-Taylor, Henry F. Gilbert and Henry Thacker Burleigh to lead the way in revealing the artistic possibilities of the Negro folk-song and its idiom, both in stricter and freer, and in larger and smaller forms. Aside from the national element, the religious appeal, the vivid poetic fancy, the tunefulness and the lilt of the spirituals go far in accounting for their vogue as evidenced by the numerous utilizations, adaptations, arrangements, transcriptions, etc., accorded them by both Negro and white composers. Some six hundred spirituals may be found in the various collections, and a developmental study of the songs will repay the student interested alike from the religious, the musical, the literary, the psychological and the sociological points of view. But better than all is it to hear them sung by an unaccompanied group in their native habitat.

In recent years, interest in the secular songs of the Negro has proceeded apace, and a comparative study of these with the spirituals presents some illuminating analogies.

I. RACIAL CONTINUITY IN AFRAMERICAN MUSIC

Students of the human sciences who claim to be able to give exhaustive explanations of human phenomena in terms of heredity and environment doubtless claim too much. Yet to fail to accord due recognition to these factors is to fall short of a possible completeness of description. Racial qualities are extremely insistent and pertinacious, and nowhere more so than in cases involving the subconscious. Even had immigration ceased with the Revolution, it is improbable that we could talk to-day of an American race. The racial melting-pot brews slowly, and where, as in America, the segregation of the blacks is so widespread, the fundamental characteristics of the group in such semi-isolation may be expected to linger on. It would seem then that any serious study of Aframerican music should properly begin with a survey of those traits which the African, coming to American shores, was destined to turn to account in the production here of his own music; should endeavor to trace the persistence of those traits throughout the various phases of his musical development as affected by a changing social environment; and lastly, in the light of such study, should attempt some forecast as to the most fruitful musical evolution toward which these race values might be directed.

Only sketchily can the present essay follow the course indicated above, Section I concerning itself with the first two proposals, Section II with the more conjectural third.

a. *The Perceptual Consciousness of the African*

Like primitive peoples everywhere, the African untouched by European influence lives his life predominantly upon the plane of his sense impressions. These, taken at their face value, form the starting-point of whatever view of the universe is his. Epistemologically he is a realist of the first water. Corresponding to his acceptance of appearances as real is the immediacy of his emotional reactions to his sense impressions. To recognize that the consciousness of the African villager concerns itself with percepts rather than with more generalized concepts, and with the affective and the volitional rather than with the reflective and the speculative is to take the first necessary step toward understanding the native African genius and its various products—especially religion and music.

The perceptual nature of the African's consciousness is reflected in those dialects which have not yet passed beyond the early isolating stage to the agglutinative and inflectional types of language. Here the primitive mind is not able to grasp in one mental act a manifold of qualities, functions, etc., and bundle them all up implicitly and neatly into one word which immutably serves as a generalized conceptual summary of that whole class. Rather must it split the individual thing into its separate perceptual components and run them together explicitly as beads on a string. H. H. Johnson and Carl Meinhof instance the native practice of naming a thing in terms of its uses or its most striking qualities, and of dissecting every verb implying a composite act into the separate phases of the action. Hence the sum of qualities, functions, etc., indicated to the Occidental by the one word *pencil*, for this African becomes *stone-write-thing*; *kitchen* becomes *something-cook-place*; *nail* becomes *iron-head-broad*. To express the idea, "He gave the child a pencil," the native would refer first to the "taking" of the pencil, and then to the "handing" of it to the child. The same disjunctive tendency is seen in the larger grouping of words into sentences. "They are bad people who kill; we fear them" becomes "They—these they person—they bad—they who kill—we fear them"; or, "The tree falls; dost thou see it?" becomes "This tree—this here—this falls; thou this seest?" (In the face of this common repetition of the demonstrative pronoun in obedience to perceptual demands, is the American Negro's fondness for "dis yere" to be wondered at?) The result of this tendency is a certain bulkiness in sentence structure and in language,

not however incompatible with fluency. It is the price the African pays for his vivid impressions.

The keenness of the black man's senses has often been commented upon. He "smells out" witches, his ears are eyes for the darkness; the Bantu dialects are rich in descriptive adverbs. Junod relates that "for the wonderfully acute senses of the sons of the bush, everything—man, beasts, objects of Nature—speaks and thinks, and these adverbs try to express in picturesque words these actions, this language of the things, sounds as well as movements, attitudes, feelings, etc." For the African to "think" is to see and to draw a mental picture, to hear sounds and to become vocal, to perceive muscular contractions and to move about, to feel emotion and to express it. Miss Kingsley refers to the perpetual uproar of the African village and by contrast the intensity of silence when it does come, and describes the Bantu as thinking externally in a loud voice rather than internally. The African bushman draws large drafts upon life for the satisfaction of his auditory, his visual, his motor and his affective consciousness. Those drafts receive payment, among other ways, in his perception of meanings in sound and rhythm of which the white man is utterly ignorant, in his great susceptibility to music, rhythm and dance, and in his prevailing animism. Highly conceptual speech and the logical reasoning of the Occidental would not be sufficiently representative of, or related to, his vivid perceptual consciousness for him to assign the important place to them in his scheme of things as does the former. His visions have to do with real things and with real people; his "voices" can have only a personal source, motion can also be only a mark of sentient life. His animism leads him to talk aloud to his weapons, to have conversations with spirit guardians or familiar spirits and with those of dead relatives or friends; and, according to Miss Kingsley, "I have often seen a man, sitting at a bush fire or in a village palaver house, turn round and say, 'You remember that, mother?' to the ghost that to him was there." (The Aframerican workman has been known to apostrophise a tree, or butter, or to talk with his hammer or his hoe.)

The presence of this perceptual consciousness may be traced in the African's religion as practiced on his native heath, in his peculiar appropriation of Christianity in America, in that unique psalmody which it inspired—and beyond. A knowledge of certain features most distinctive of African religion cannot fail therefore to deepen our understanding of the life of the Negro in America, and particularly that life out of which came his music. For

without his religious susceptibilities, the ascendancy of Christianity over him would have been problematic, and without his contact with the Christian faith, there would have been no spirituals.

b. African Religion

Primitive Negro religion may be traced to two sources, in both of which can be found points of contact with Judaism and a Jewish type of Christianity, and which help to explain the appeal that the white man's religion, or certain aspects of it, made to him. There may have lingered in the background of the slave's mind some dim reminiscence of an aboriginal African pygmy's (1) "pure monotheism," referred to by Dr. Guenter Tessman, belief in God the creator to whom by (2) a resurrection of the body from the dead the whole man returns after death. Superimposed upon the original pygmy stock of beliefs and overshadowing it was the younger Bantu spiritism, the product of new needs, new demands. Characteristic of this was the acceptance of (3) a universal dualism of good and evil spirits which included a story of (4) the fall of man, and which with its belief in (5) spirits as representative of deity made easy within Christianity the transition to the belief in angels and in the localization of evil in one spirit, (6) Satan. If the perfectly good spirit God has an abode of perfect bliss, namely (7) heaven, its dualistic counterpart for Satan (8) Sheol, was not difficult to conceive. Such a counterpart Prof. E. W. Hopkins finds in the Dahomey Srahman (*dazi*). As there were good and evil spirits, so there were (9) God's men and (10) God's enemies among human beings. The feeling of being "God's man," of dependence on him, is a highly developed sentiment among the blacks—one is God's property and God must provide and care for his own. (11) Baptism was not unknown in Guinea, and (12) three and seven were used as sacred numbers.

It is tempting to refer all such fundamental similarities in ideas and practices to derivation from a common parent Asiatic stem, to early Semitic contacts via Arabia, or to the later Islamic invasion (similarly with the use by the blacks of the interval of the augmented second in music, so frequent in the Orient); and there may be truth in the matter. Yet history is replete, too, with examples of independent origins of identical beliefs and usages, when various groups, perhaps even heterogeneous and living remote from one another, react in the same way to certain phenomena of Nature. The question of a possible Negro-Semitic kinship is an intriguing one, but I rest content here with the

presentation of the resemblances and allow the ethnologists and philologists to do their worst. Thus continuing, I might mention, as shared in varying degrees by both Semite and Negro, the tendency to think in terms of pictures, sounds, motion; a fondness for parable and riddle, and a power of comparison enabling them to discover spiritual truths in homely facts or happenings; the use of taunt songs (surviving especially among the "colored" Creoles in America and in the Antilles); the persistence of necromancy; the scarcity of pure nature poetry; a susceptibility to forces of the Unseen—the tendency to attribute to the working of unseen powers what others would ascribe to human initiative; the prominent place assigned in religion, not so much to dogma or theology, but to emotion (it is well to remember that the doctrinal and the speculative sections of the Bible derive for the most part from the Greek genius rather than from the Hebrew); the use of the pronoun "I" in lyrical utterance with both an individual and a communal significance; the tabu of certain names; and the cryptic use of words such as the *Ku Pamba* in the Ba-Ronga dialect; in this connection, too, may be mentioned the African secret and conventional languages.

Of a semi-religious character are a few other African traits which have left their traces in America: the love of the mother and the persistence of the thought of her; the attribution of death, not to natural causes, but to the power of malignant spirits; compare, for instance, the following lines from an African song, in which the wizards who caused death are cursed

"Go away, wizard! Killer of men!
You take them during the night!"

with the lines of a spiritual

"Early one morning death came creeping in my room,
(variant—"knocking at my door")
Stole my mother away!"

the holding of the "wake" over the dead body of a relative or friend; and the desire for a fine burial for oneself, relatives and friends.

c. *The Great Change*

The Negro's appropriation of the white man's religion was facilitated, first of all, by the linguistic and tribal disintegration which occurred in America. The fact that slaves from various

districts of Africa, as they met on the plantation, found themselves unable to understand each others' dialects, and that some conversation with their owners was involved in the discharge of their duties, laid upon the new arrivals the necessity of learning their masters' tongue as a common medium of communication. With the obliteration of tribal distinctions and organizations, the differentiating group notions and practices tended to disappear, and particularly those practices and institutions which the planter took pains to eradicate, such as the native priesthood, the licentious orgies and dances at their festivals, witchcraft executions, human sacrifices, and repulsive burial customs. Yet, some of the age-old, deep-seated racial ideas lingered on in the subconscious memory, ready to be caught up and given a new development in the new religion.

On the other hand, the African could scarcely fail to be impressed by the manner in which his master's religion made him superior to diabolical agencies, to accidents, disease, weather, and the like. Gradually, by the unconscious, silent influence of example and suggestion working upon his keen religious susceptibilities—perhaps more by this than by anything else—and by the deliberate but somewhat desultory efforts of owner and missionary, the great change to his own Christianity was wrought.

But, individualist as always, the Negro insisted upon making a choice. That choice was determined by the demands of his perceptual consciousness, for the exercise of which he found plenty of room in current Methodist and Baptist beliefs and practices. And as he chose these particular types of Christianity best suited to his needs, so he proceeded to choose the elements which were to make up for him his particular type of Methodist and Baptist religion. What this choice involved is reflected in the spirituals in which it is so largely embodied. From the religious and the musical points of view we may be thankful that the choices were such as they were, and that the emotional Methodism and the dramatic symbolism of the Baptists were ready at hand to satisfy the cravings of the Negro temperament. There would have been a different tale to tell, as regards his sacred folk-songs, had the Negro's religious environment been solely a formal Anglicanism or a set, ritualistic Romanism—both aristocratic in spirit and in procedure. In a Roman Catholic environment like that of New Orleans the Creole slave had indeed his Place Congo to which he could resort on Sunday. Here he indulged in his primitive dances, and thence he gave us some interesting dance tunes, satirical and love songs, but few, if any, religious songs.

Where the Negro adopted Romanism, his religion easily became an external matter, a veneer for his African cultural and religious ideas. Where Methodist and Baptist remained supreme, however, his sacred folk-songs make clear the extent to which his new religion had penetrated his life; and at the same time they show that he had by no means left his perceptual consciousness behind him.

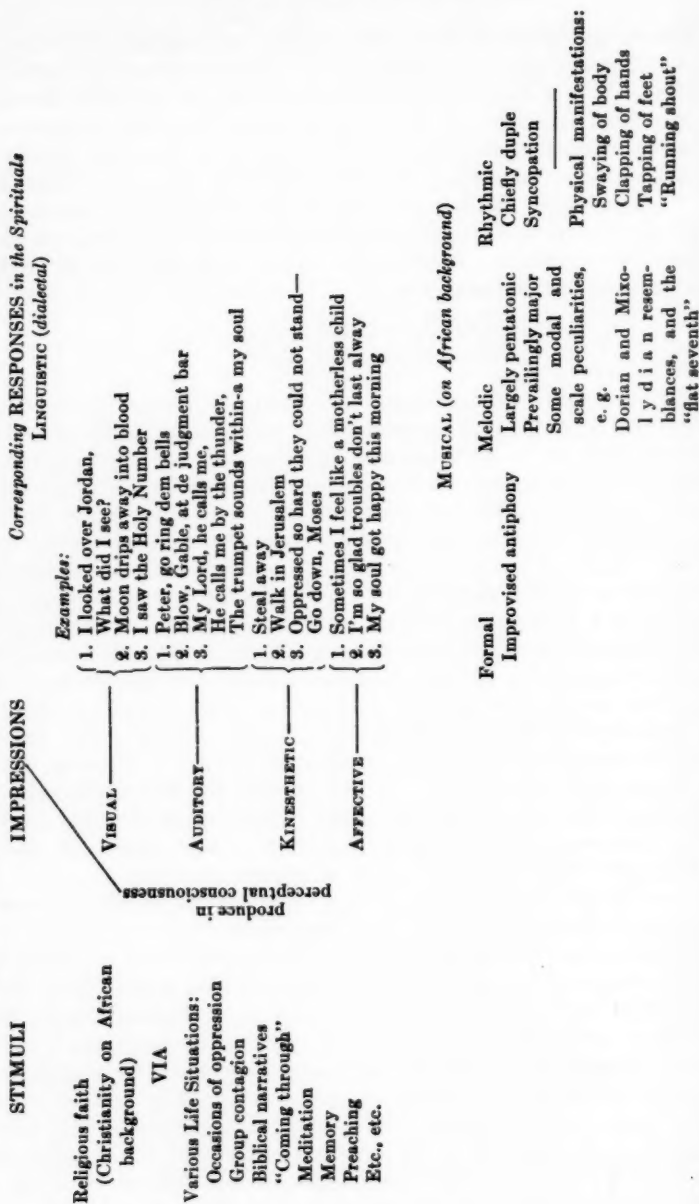
The Negro still felt the urge in his meditation to think aloud in song, to turn life itself into music, to sing his flowing consciousness into expression, felt it natural that singing should be "a kind of melodious musing aloud." His "voices" still follow him

" 'Way up on de mountain-top, Lord,
I heard God talkin', Lord,"

and the spirituals abound in "*auditory images*"—impossible hybrid! (The lack of a satisfactory term for an auditory percept characterized by duration and movement reveals by its absence the extent to which we Occidentals live in a world fashioned for us by an eye-regulated consciousness. As a designation for such an auditory percept, the term *kinaudicept* suggested itself to me. This would indicate the seizing as one inner act of a series of sounds or tones, ranging all the way from our awareness of a motif as a unit, to such a thing as the extraordinary consciousness of Mozart in being able to hear, as he relates, *tout d'un coup* and before composing it, the whole movement of a symphony! This matter of our eye-mindedness raises a larger question: Is it an *a priori* prejudice that withholds us from believing that an infinitely various Reality has nothing to offer also by way of Her (?) ear-gate, particularly to the susceptible listener-in who has fulfilled the conditions necessary to favorable reception? Why this deliberate impoverishment and epistemological semi-suicide? Why not *Weltanhoerung* as well as *Weltanschauung*?)

Visual images are no less abundant—brief, picturesque cinemas projected in color in three dimensions. A certain Aunt Dinah at her "a-gettin' through" (conversion) saw the devil with his pitchfork and club-foot, and learned this song: "Rule Death in His Arms"—"and when I learn dat song, de Lawd spoke peace to my soul." Such an experience—and it is doubtless a typical one—reveals the visual, the auditory, the kinesthetic consciousness which produced the spirituals. Prevailingly they have to do with things or persons seen, with sounds or motions of one sort or another, through all of which play the feelings. Proceeding from the Negro's perceptual consciousness, the following chart sets forth in a rough way the psychological descent of the spiritual:

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DESCENT OF THE AFRAMERICAN SPIRITUAL



Naturally it is the varied combinations and emphases, the continual shiftings and blendings of these types, even in one and the same spiritual, which sustain the interest and lend charm to the songs. They never lose themselves in abstract speculation, and the theologizings of Paul, of the Johannine school, and of Hebrews are a negligible quantity in them. This may be seen by glancing at the subjects which were popular for treatment. The constant mingling of types within the same spiritual—a fluidity due to high-handed interchange between the songs, to recasting and improvisation, mirroring also the fluctuating perceptual consciousness of the Negro—makes classification of the spirituals on any one basis at best an unsatisfactory affair, representative only of certain broad categories as contained in the key verses, but not necessarily of the spirituals as wholes. I have before me six classifications of the Negro songs (including none of those of the more recent secular collections), all of which differ markedly from each other, and every one of which involves a mixing of classes, an almost-to-be-expected reflection of the kaleidoscopic character of the individual songs. Professor Work's classification as such proceeds quite consistently, however, on the affective basis, which is probably also the most effective one. For, however varied the perceptual impressions set forth in a spiritual, informing each one can usually be discovered a certain fundamental emotional undertone to which it may be reduced. Yet classifications on any basis, single or mixed, have this value: that they reveal the elements which the Negro chose from the Christianity that was presented to him to make up the type of religion most satisfactory to him. These elements appealed to him from the point of view of his situation at the time, from that of his African heritage and perceptual consciousness, or from that of both.

The result of this contact of the African with a new religion and a new environment was to produce a new eclecticism characterized by its apocalyptic with its other-worldly note, by its individualism, its emotionalism, and its love of the concrete, as over against speculative tendencies—whereof the spirituals are witnesses.

d. The Antiphonal Form a Race Value—Its Social Significance.

1. In Africa

So general is the use of the antiphonal form in the musical practice of the Negro, both in Africa and in America, that I feel

justified in making some reference to it in a discussion of racial continuity in Aframerican music; but it will also be found to have more than a technical musical significance.

By the antiphonal form I mean here simply the alternation of solo with chorus. That such a form should arise from the Negro's perceptual consciousness seems natural enough. If a native, with his tendency to think externally and vocally, upon a religious occasion, or at work or at any other time, happens upon a line with a good sound and a rhythmic lilt, and perhaps one which will facilitate and organize motion, heighten vitality, or label a vivid picture or affective state, what more natural than that such a line should appeal to the sensuous fancy of those near by, and that they should catch it up and repeat it after the manner of a refrain as part of the experience of the moment? The maker of the song would then be free to develop the idea or feeling of the initial or key verse, which has now become the regular chorus. If the inspiration of the leader fails him, he has recourse to familiar verses of other songs, suggested to him, perhaps, more by sound and rhythmic associations than because of logical fitness—a negligible factor in such a case! The improvised antiphon thus begotten may or may not be remembered—easy come, easy go. If it is preserved, it may still further be creatively wrought into the common experience by subsequent singers, who may refashion it in different ways according to the whim or the needs of the moment. It thus becomes common property and may be carried from one tribe or place to another, living its life in a variety of forms, simple and complex. But however wide the departure from the original, whatever variation of the form is invented, the general style of the music remains. 'So careful seems Nature of the type, so careless of the single instance.'

The antiphonal form appears to be known and used throughout black Africa. Sometimes the soloist begins the song (naturally, if it is a fresh one), sometimes the chorus. At times there are two choruses. The leader may vary the order of the lines of the text at will. The music is first of all, *occasional*, life rendered vocal, having to do with as wide a range of subjects, small and great, as life itself. This helps to explain why the music is *improvisatory* in character; and when a chorus lends its support, or when there is more than one improviser, it assumes a *communal origin and significance*. If one improviser becomes tired, another may take over the function of poet. Current events serve as convenient grist for the maker's mill; and woe to the passing "illiterate" European who may be so unfortunate as to bear some physical

peculiarity! The literary types of those songs which have been preserved range all the way from lyric, elegiac, epic, dramatic and work-songs, on the one hand, to incantations, songs to animals and to spirits, on the other. Among the Ba-Rongas, Junod noted such songs as: a complaint of the childless woman, the complaint of a Nkuna boy beaten by his masters, "the stones are very hard" (*i. e.*, to break), the song of a man held fast by a crab while the oncoming waves of the sea crept ever nearer, songs of love, of death, of mourning, of war, of the chase, satirical, play-and dance-songs, and one used to drive away the grasshoppers.

Mrs. Burlin quotes a song (*Chindau*) inspired by the news of work—"money in Kamben"; others grew out of such homely experiences as hunting a cow, or digging out porcupines from the garden and killing them; still another from the dwarfs in West Africa runs "The white man is a good man and gives the Abongo salt"; in others the mention of cattle plays an important part. Dr. William H. Sheppard, long a missionary in the Congo, tells of the practical uses to which the "call and sponse" (to use Professor Talley's term) is put: there are those that serve for people lost in the forest, those to be employed in case of fire, and those indicating the approach of enemies.

While the antiphonal song thus plays a vital part in African life and is a sociological source of no mean value, at the same time its very impromptu character, and the fact that it grows out of, and is molded by, life situations and is often of communal origin, make such things as proportion and balance in form matters of secondary consequence. To attempt the reduction to classes of well-defined, symmetrical musical forms of even the relatively few African songs noted by Engel, Bowditch, Mrs. Burlin, Junod, Tiersot, Ellis, Ballanta-Taylor, Hornbostel and others, would be a vain undertaking. The urge which created these songs is not primarily an esthetic, but a vital one—if Professor Whitehead will allow us to draw such a distinction. The former, like the European's use of conceptual language, was not the Negro's major interest.

d. The Antiphonal Form a Race Value—Its Social Significance

2. In America

Substitute for the geographical and the cultural scenery of the foregoing that which appertained to slave life in America, and one might be describing the course of Aframerican music. For in

his new environment the Negro found the same use for his music as in the Dark Continent, and again the antiphon was the large and flexible mold through which he musicalized his experiences. And as though to guard against the loss of such a vehicle, circumstances early acquainted the slave with the practice in his master's church of "lining out" the hymns, a practice which resembles the African form sufficiently to act as a convenient jog to a short racial memory.

In America the Negro's songs reflect his life with the white man and his contact with Christianity, the two greatest factors in his new *modus vivendi*. The Christian gospel, with its note of hope and release and its promises, appealed to the slave. Humble and personal still the songs might be, but the new frame of reference in which his spiritual life is now set lifts them out of the commonplace—a proceeding not untypical of the best Christianity—and gives them a new dignity. Even his work-songs were often religious.

Testimony it is to the strength of the hold which certain aspects of this religion took upon him in the *ante-bellum* days, that the great majority of his songs created then have this religious frame of reference. These are the ones whose qualities fitted them to survive. The paucity of the extant secular songs of the early period is probably due to no accident. And one must remember, too, that his music is but the lyrical reflection of his very consciousness—as the psalms of Israel reflect that of the Jews. Some indication of the tremendous leap in cultural development which took place within a little over a century can be obtained by comparing the doggerel African "music," both tonally and as regards literary content, with the spirituals. One is reminded of the infinitely superior narratives of the Hebrews as contrasted with the earlier kindred Babylonian literature. In both cases it was a superior religion which must be held chiefly accountable for the great change; as in both cases, too, there was a race with a religious susceptibility to build upon. Such comparisons between earlier and later achievements of people of the same cultural stock and living within the same cultural epoch afford reliable bases for the measurement of progress, and are most instructive. Other comparisons are apt to lack sufficient common meeting-ground to yield truly informative results.

If the African songs in their form reflect the straggling luxuriance of the wilderness, the Aframerican songs tend to gain in beauty by a closer knitting together of parts into more formal, well-balanced structures. The simple antiphon between solo and

chorus is still the fundamental type. Yet new varieties which are also hard to classify tend to develop spontaneously according to no law but the inspiration of the moment. Such a song as "Good News, Chariot's Coming" is an expanded form quite popular, alternating antiphonal solo and chorus used as refrain, with antiphonal solo and chorus employing different verses. "Arise, Shine" belongs to this type. "Every Time I Feel the Spirit Movering" is an alternation of antiphonal solo and chorus used as refrain, with pure solo verses supported by chorus *à bouche fermée*. "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" alternates chorus with solo quasi-obbligato, with solo recitative and chorus. "March On" is an alternation of antiphonal solo and refrain as verses, with a regular chorus. "Great Camp Meeting" alternates solo and refrain with a second solo and chorus. So one might continue. The unconscious art of the Negro created various patterns; but the one common feature, the antiphonal form, remained. Once a song was started, it was a matter of "Song, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!" The urge here too was vital, not consciously esthetic; but the variety of pattern and form thus unwittingly produced may in itself be regarded as an esthetic achievement. As the spirituals were common property, no qualms were felt in incorporating as much or as little of one spiritual into another as one desired, particularly when the Muse nodded. It is the real nature of these songs to live an oral and a fluid, not a printed and a stereotyped existence. Versions of any one spiritual may therefore be numerous, and the manner of singing them will also vary from place to place. In the case of the spirituals mentioned above, the tradition is that supported by the late Professor J. W. Work, of Fisk University.

What has been said concerning the origin of the African song from the Negro's perceptual consciousness, applies equally well to the birth of the spiritual. In America, too, the Negro "sang his flowing consciousness into song," occasionally, improvisationally, communally, with results that are well known. We are fortunate in having several interesting examples of sacred and secular songs in the very act of being born which well illustrate the three main features just mentioned. Lack of space forbids repeating Col. Higginson's oft-quoted tale of the genesis of a spiritual as he was being rowed across from Beaufort, S. C., to Ladies' Island. The fact that the Negro author of the song in question called it a "speritual" although it was a secular work song shows that the term was doubtless a generic one. Professor Talley relates how he beheld the birth of a dance rhyme from the dance,

where the raising of the dust suggested to the leader the words, "Setch a kickin' up san'," whereupon the assembled crowd "based" him with "Jonah's band," and the song was on its way. But Mrs. Burlin gives the most impressive accounts of the manner in which "spiritual songs" come into being as a result of group contagion. After the manner of the New Testament "gifts," they are the simultaneous product of those "possessed," composed by "no one in particular and by every one in general," the cumulative crystallization into musical form of groanings which do in these cases become uttered, their "call and sponse" form genetically adapted to communal authorship, and *the words used having the particular content given them at the moment*.¹

Rather than abridge Mrs. Burlin's poetic presentations of the incidents at Calhoun and in Virginia, I prefer to refer the reader to the accounts themselves in *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY* of January, 1919. The story of the origin of "O Gwine Away" well illustrates how a life-situation is built into a song in a praise meeting by the friends of an unfortunate who (like the African boy previously mentioned) had that day tasted the master's lash. Said the victim later, in referring to the composers of the song, "They work it in. Some's very good singers and know how, till dey get it right." This ancestral habit of vocalizing the daily life is further evidenced in the "Mr. Mackright" song; in the enigmatic "Rain Fall and Wet Becca Lawton" ("Becky Martin" in Col. Higginson's collection); in the "Rattler Song" which hymns the snake that bit the singer in the heel and then darted into "a holler lawg"; and in the song

"Ezekiel said he spied de train a-comin',
He got on board an' she never stop a-runnin'."

In the wake scene of the play "Porgy" occurs an excellent illustration of the birth of a spiritual.

¹This last is a fact of considerable importance in the understanding of both the African and the Aframerican songs. The Negro brought with him a linguistic fluidity and a verbal individualism common enough in Africa, but puzzling to whites, whereby to words or even to nonsense sounds temporary, local or occasional meanings are attached, which the "wise" and those made wise alone henceforth understand. "Nonsense" verses are not to be evaluated by the standard of logical coherence (that is merely a mental mannerism of Occidentals), but in the light of the original experience, for which by common consent it is agreed certain sounds shall henceforth stand as the perceptual label to recall or suggest the experience or concomitant consciousness. (One is reminded here of the special meanings attached to certain words or numbers in Hebrew apocalyptic.) Preference, of course, was always given to a pleasing succession of sounds, having an appealing lilt or rhythm.

The work-life, too, offered many a shining occasion that could be turned into effective song. The perceptual consciousness of the Negro workman in the railroad yard could not resist the alluring rhythmic appeal of the shifting engine's iron refrain—result, the “Chicka-hanka” song. The dean of a Southern institution who was interested in folk-music sat down on his rock wall hoping to capture *au vol* a certain song he had heard a gang of street laborers sing. He had gotten the tune but was anxious for the words. The song leader evidently divined his intention, and the dean to his dismay heard the following:

“White man settin’ on wall,
White man settin’ on wall,
White man settin’ on wall all day long,
Wastin’ his time, wastin’ his time.”

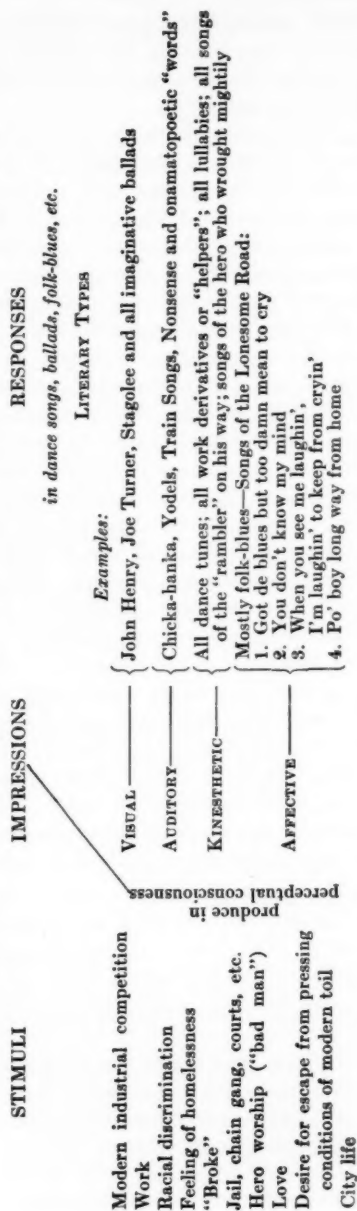
Although the Negro's songs are reflective of his new environment, the scarcity of the direct references to slavery in the earlier songs is on first thought striking. A few of the most obvious of such references are to be found in songs like: Run, Nigger, Run; Run, Mary, Run; Run to Jesus; Many Thousands Go; Done Wid Driber's Dribin'; Mother, is Massa Gwine Sell Us?; Oh, Freedom; Holy Bible (refrain); Slavery Chain. Yet where this institution could call upon the armed forces of a sanctioning state to guarantee its maintenance if threatened, the discretion of submitting was obviously the better part of valor for a subject, defenseless, leaderless people, even though they had been inclined to revolt. Where it was desired to voice dissatisfaction with existing conditions, recourse was had to the double meaning, as in Hebrew apocalyptic. In many cases, too, the masters were kind, and the slaves not ill-content with their lot. And to those born into the condition it must have seemed a thing inevitable, even with all its hardships. Yet the “sorrow songs” betray more eloquently and poignantly than direct references could ever do a condition, and their authors' estimate of a condition, that assuredly was not theirs as a matter of choice. In the words of Mr. Barton, “Some of the old slave songs survive which had in them the bitterness of a sorrow that never spoke its intensity in plain words, but sought figures from the Bible or veiled its real meaning in inarticulate moans or songs of grief that never uttered the real nature of the sorrow.”

Finally, the approach of the war and its progress, for reasons best known to the slave himself, gave rise to an unprecedented interest in a militant type of Christianity, and he sings now of the valiant soldier, of the heaven-born soldier (or reborn soldier), of the soldier of the cross, of the army (of the Lord), of warfare or the Gospel war, of marching in the field, of Captain Jesus, the roll-call, of Dis-a Union and the Union band, about enlistments and commissions, Satan's camp, of freedom, men of war, etc. And once more the antiphonal form proved itself to be an apt and valuable social agency for the Negro, as again his perceptual consciousness caused him to vocalize his life occasionally, improvisationally, and communally.

e. The Secular Songs of the Negro

As regards the secular music of the Negro, I must be content to refer the reader to the literature which has appeared as a result of the newly awakened interest in this field. Of significance in this connection is the work of Mrs. Burlin, Professor Talley, Miss Scarborough, Professors Odum and Johnson, Mr. W. C. Handy, Mr. Abbe Niles, Mr. J. A. Rogers, and the Messrs. J. W. and J. R. Johnson. The Negro's trueness to the perceptual type makes it possible to present a companion chart to the one on the spirituals, showing the psychological descent of the secular songs. Inasmuch as the religious songs were used on many occasions, and reel, fiddle, devil, corn tunes and breakdowns were frowned out of court by church members, and also because attention early centered upon the preservation only of the religious songs, the number of the surviving secular songs is relatively small, although if account be taken of those "mushroom" songs which were forgotten with the passing of the occasions that inspired them, a considerable body of these must have been brought into existence. Scattered examples are to be found in some of the earlier collections, as in "Slave Songs," but only recently has an effort been made to preserve what could be salvaged from limbo. Some of the more modern of these secular songs, however, cannot be held to be as widely representative of the black race in America as were the spirituals, proceeding as they do from the lower and more vicious circles of the colored population. This, of course, neither detracts from their interest nor impairs their sociological value.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DESCENT OF THE AFRICAN'S SECULAR SONGS



MUSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

Formal	Melodic	Rhythmic
Group work-songs:	Largely pentatonic	Chiefly duple
Improvised antiphony	Prevailing major with the "blue note" in blues	Anticipations, syncopation (exaggerated in jazz)
Blues (soliloquy in tone):		Physical manifestations:
Three-line, twelve-bar, with pauses between lines (evolution of jazz)		Work motions
		Dance
		Contortions of "jazz"

As in the case of the spiritual, so here there is a mixing and blending of types which lend attractiveness to the songs. But the folk-blues lie mostly in the realm of the affective—the quasi-outcast desires nothing so much as sympathy.

As for jazz, the Negro may if he wishes claim the questionable distinction of being its originator. I have elsewhere¹ delivered myself at length upon this “tonic for the strong and poison for the weak,” and hence refrain from further elaboration here. That American music should have influenced European composers at all should presumably cause us to expand our national chest; and in apportioning “credit” the Aframerican must, of course, receive whatever is his due. Whether this “influence” concerns itself with anything more than experimentation, or will help to bring concreteness out of the prevailing discretism in modern music is to be doubted. Musically the superiority of the spirituals to jazz shows itself in the more interesting and more varied form and superior rhythmic vitality of the former, in a more unified and coherent melody; and as for poetic and spiritual content—comparisons are odious. There is this, however, to be said for Negro jazz, that had it remained solely a black art, had it not suffered the Jewish (Semitic!) direption, it would probably have developed its own independent melody, rather than have become a parasitic mannerism preying upon the classics, and a musical nondescript. The spirituals by a religious alchemy often transfused the baser metal of Methodist and Baptist camp-meeting tunes into pure gold. By its treatment of the classics and all good tunes, jazz debases their nobler coinage, sometimes even that of the spirituals. Then too, the rhythms which informed the early Negro jazz before it was caught up, commercialized, and transformed into a dull, mechanized, deterministic dis-music did likewise own a superior vitality and a human appeal of which the latter is devoid.

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II. THE CONSERVATION OF RACE VALUES IN AFRAMERICAN MUSIC

I close the discussion of African traits and their American developments not because it is finished—many essential phases of the subject, both religious and musical, remain untouched, notably a treatment of rhythmic and melodic peculiarities—but because

¹THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1929, “Jazz—Debit and Credit”

it is perhaps better to refrain entirely from broaching certain matters which, if they are to be discussed at all, should be accorded more adequate consideration than is possible in a brief essay. The two charts may give a partial clue to the extent of the field to be covered. Yet sufficient has perhaps been said or suggested to make it clear that the African's experience in America, despite hardships and vicissitudes, has been accompanied by at least some compensatory musical and religious gains alike for himself and for the white man. Both, for example, prize the spirituals highly, although both recognize, too, that they were bought at a tremendous price. It seems to be one of the hard sayings of existence that to produce the lily there must be the muck, that it had to be Nazareth out of which Jesus should come, that it required impoverished, czarist Russia to yield her golden folk-songs, almost submerged Finland her "Finlandia," and that bondage should be the condition of the spiritual. And as though still further to emphasize this paradox, it is not to-day the prosperous Negroes who have continued to produce folk-tunes, but the near-penniless, the vagrant, those in "hard luck." Out of such untoward conditions and as an escape therefrom have come those secular counterparts of the older spirituals, a product of the same urge to musicalize life—the folk-blues.

This recognition of the sweet uses of adversity (the "use" for the time, of course, is always bitter) seems to have been a poetic divination of the newer scientific doctrine that natural tendencies and desires thwarted in their satisfaction in one direction will find a compensatory outlet in another. It remains now to inquire into the significance for the spiritual future of the Negro of the removal of these bitter-sweet inhibitions. Will it mean that he buys his economic independence at the expense of his folk-creative urge? Is it true, as Professor W. H. Thomas suggests, that "property-owning Negroes do not sing"? Does preoccupation with the absorbing task of earning a living under modern competitive and industrial conditions leave him neither time nor inclination to "sing his flowing consciousness into song"? If so, then the new status also is bought at a high price, and the Negro may have cause to deplore the loss of his birthright in the hard bargain. Herein is a tragic sense of life, if it be not possible to have both of these desirables. Is it also true that one cannot serve Apollo and Mammon? Add to this a growing sophistication (in the more distasteful acceptance of the term) which the Negro learns from the white man, and which is partly the result of the scientific invasion, an increasing self-consciousness (the

antithesis of that creative unselfconsciousness which produced the spirituals), and a patronizing attitude toward his own immediate past, and the tragic sense is deepened. Nor is it necessary to mention the generally pernicious influence in this respect of the piano-player, the phonograph, and the radio.

May we thus have the New Negro, but not that consciousness which instantaneously reacted to various life situations with a lilting refrain, a vivid word-picture, a deep expression of religious sentiment? Says Mr. J. W. Johnson: "With the close of the creative period of the Blues, which appears to be at hand, it is probable that the whole folk-creative effort of the Negro in the United States will have come to an end." The New Negro's assured sense of racial competence and his pride of race, which his awakening to the value and beauty of the spirituals has helped to beget, are his by right. But so is the Negro's perceptual consciousness and its acceptable spontaneous productivity. Consciously to effect a union of the niceties of Occidental art with such creative abandon were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Certainly one of the greatest contributions which Negro genius can offer to Western culture is that of its perceptual consciousness with its elemental vigor, its irresponsible gaiety, its *joie de vivre*, its uncritical spontaneity that enjoys rather than asks "Why?", its healthy realism and unselfconsciousness as an offset to that intellectual sterility, that sense of mental and physical strain, weariness and boredom, that diseased conceptualism which has sicklied o'er so much of our spiritual output with the pale cast of thought. To expect that the Negro, under the hard modern conditions which the white man has laid upon him, should nevertheless be able to make such a contribution, should develop only his own virtues and remain utterly untouched by the white man's vices, may be to expect too much. Yet it is a sign of hope that the New Negro seems to have come to a conscious appreciation of this ancient racial inheritance of his, and has set himself to make a deliberate choice of those elements of the white man's civilization which he will cultivate along with the former. If Mr. Alain Locke is correct in believing that the New Negro does 'have this ancient key which we thought culture had lost,' and if such a conscious blending is possible, then after the various 'preluding experiments from Dvořák to Goldmark, including the borrowing of rhythmical suggestions by Milhaud and Stravinsky, experiments which have proclaimed the value of the Negro musical idioms, but have not fully developed them,' one may expect unprecedented musical productions from the New Negro.

a. The Outlook for Negro Music

Undoubtedly, the musical future of the Negro rests in his own hands. Invaluable as have been his contributions by way of thematic and idiomatic material to the music of America, the "working up" of such material by white composers into various art-forms frequently results in an artificial type of product, with content and rhythm highly unwhite, and extended complex development and instrumentation (if orchestral) highly unblack. One can scarcely escape receiving from even the best of such compositions an impression of dogged deliberateness on the part of the composer: "Go to, now; I *will* work up this and that theme." Perhaps the works of Mr. John Powell in this genre are least open to such criticism. He seems so well to apprehend the Negro genius as to have accomplished on the part of a white man that desirable blend just referred to, and his works therefore reveal an unusual unity in compositions of this type.

But no more will the Negro best serve the future of his own music by merely quarrying the spirituals or folk-blues already created and rendering the precious ore into divers shapes and forms. Satisfaction with such a condition would indicate that a period of crystallization had been reached. When, in the course of musical or religious evolution, men's chief interest centers in analysis, classification, systematization, exposition, and charting (as in the present essay!) of past achievements, it heralds the approach of creative impotence, and the result in music is arrangements, transcriptions, adaptations, etc.; in religion, theology, dogma and the higher criticism—the self-conscious, cooling-off stage has arrived.

Besides, we are coming to realize that folk-music is sufficient unto itself. It is its own justification. Its concise brevity is the soul of its wit. Its message is made none the more impressive by a technical or instrumental over-elaboration in which indeed its savor is often lost and the song itself utterly disappears. (*Teste* Lewis Carroll's delicious quip, "Tema con Variazione".) Its inherent completeness often baffles the "worker-up," who, lacking inspiration of his own, has turned hither. To be sure, airs with variations may give the composer an opportunity to exhibit his wares (for example, Beethoven and Brahms in their pianoforte variations), but not always do they rank among the outstanding works of his creative genius. For these he usually seeks original themes. The really great musical works built upon or around folk-themes directly transplanted to them are relatively few in number. There

is probably ample ground for arranging the spirituals as solos and decking them out with modern harmonic furbelows. Provided such exceptional religious artists as Mr. Hayes or Mr. Robeson perform them, they convey a message to many who otherwise would have no means of becoming acquainted with the spirituals. But the spirituals were "composed" to be sung *a cappella* by a group, and at least one individual being accustomed to hearing them so sung, will never be content with hearing them produced in any other way.

If the desideratum be that the New Negro "carry on" consciously with an increased artistic sensibility in the same manner as did the spiritual-makers of old without this sensibility, then it would seem to be of the utmost importance that the Negro by all means possible conserve that which won for him the sobriquet, "the singing voice of America": his tendency to think aloud in song, to turn life itself into music; that he keep his vocal-mindedness as a pearl of great price; that he forsake not the ancient custom of making music occasionally, improvisationally, communally. In at least one prominent instance he has retained his habit of improvisation. It is the same trait which reveals itself in both the ejaculatory "Hallelujah's," "O Lord's," "Amen's," etc., interjected into the spirituals, and in the jazz "breaks" which grew out of a desire to fill in the long pauses between the lines of the blues with various comments. But to say that therefore the former is the predecessor of the latter is not quite accurate; it is merely a product of the same tendency.

Whether this folk-creative urge be capable of deliberate cultivation, even though we knew the proper technique to this end, is, of course, problematic. The wind of the creative spirit seems to laugh to scorn the puny efforts of psychologists to diagram its course and shackle it to their will. We can never again look for a new outburst of spiritual-making. The "favoring" conditions which produced these songs are gone forever. But in the case of the Negro, we see a raw genius transplanted to a foreign soil by an intuitive choice appropriating from its new environment precisely those religious, literary, linguistic and musical elements that it liked, and out of them creating its own distinctive idioms, welding them all into the unity known as the spiritual. May we not then in the course of the years expect that, under new conditions—some more, some less favorable to the production of song—this same genius will exercise again the same selective process, and upon the same basis of its perceptual consciousness produce a second distinctive type or a number of types? Indeed, in the

folk-blues it has already given us such a type. Other types may perhaps be recognized in the piano pieces and in certain choral numbers of Mr. Dett, and in the violin pieces of Mr. C. C. White. And in view of the Negro's vocal-mindedness, his vocal and harmonic (not polyphonic) gifts, it may not be unreasonable to expect, as Mr. Locke suggests, that the most fruitful development of his peculiar talents may be along choral rather than along instrumental lines.

b. The Betrayal of a Racial Trust

One factor in the Negro's make-up constitutes at once a menace and a promise. This is his many-sided susceptibility. But the spirituals prove that the Negro's impressionability, in the face of as much of the white man's culture as that to which he was exposed, did not allow him merely to imitate the latter's religious songs. His strong individualism caused him to pass all—religion, poetry, language, music—through the crucible of his perceptual consciousness, whence emerged a product bearing the unmistakable marks of the Negro genius in the way of form, rhythm, sound and imagery, fused together with Western melody, language and religious content. Here uncanny intuition alone accomplished a thing which should serve as an object-lesson for further conscious endeavor. Certainly the way of musical progress for the Negro lies no more to-day along the line of attempted reproductions of the creations of the whites than in the past. Such efforts will neither impress the whites, nor prove ultimately satisfying to the blacks. If the Negro is wise, he will avoid nothing so much as a colorless eclecticism, whether it be in music or elsewhere.

The wider field of music yields at least one illuminating illustration of the results of betrayal of a racial trust which may be pertinent here. It is, of course, an unfortunate situation anywhere which makes it possible for a conflict to arise within the creative artist between the desire to express one's own individual or racial self and the desire to convince oneself and others that one possesses traits generally esteemed among an environing people of a race different from one's own. Yet there should be no doubt as to the most profitable course suggested by experience for such a situation. The Negro is not exempted from that usage of experience which requires fidelity to one's own highest and best as the first condition of his self-realization. In the words of Dr. Mason, summarizing Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in the latter's "Musical Portraits," "Just as the highest achievement in art is attained through

a 'sublimation' that is racial as well as personal, so the deepest defeat, the most complete sterility, is that which avenges a suppression not only of personal but of racial instincts." The New Negro's pride of race should act as a wholesome corrective against the appearance of that conflict between "the desire of self-expression and the fear of self-revelation" which caused Mahler, the Jew, in Austria, to develop "an eclectic, featureless style, devoid of true individuality and real power," a type of Jew who "through the superficial assimilation of the traits of the people among whom he was condemned to live, and through the suppression of his own nature, became sterile." One's hope for the Aframerican is that it may be with him as with Mr. Ernest Bloch, also a Jew, but one who, according to Mr. Rosenfeld, has the "intelligence, sense of reality, real overwhelming spiritual strength," that Mahler lacked, and in whose music is found "a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. There is music of his that is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamentally racial than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the Semitic pomp and color that informs it." So may the Aframerican, too, break up the fountains of his great deep, study to know himself, to feel, to reveal, to develop himself as he really and racially is, so far as this is consistent with life in such a modern democracy as this of which he finds himself a part. Wrote Robert Schumann, at twenty-nine, to his future wife: "I want to be ten times less than other people, and only be worth something to myself." This is at once enlightened selfishness and the higher altruism.

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In the first section I have referred briefly to certain fundamental similarities between African religion on the one hand, and Judaism and a Jewish type of Christianity on the other, in virtue of which the Negro in America was enabled to realize some of his own higher potentialities. It is necessary to repeat that, without his religion, without the sustaining examples of the enslaved and released Jews, both as a nation and as individuals into whose situations he vicariously inserted himself, without the promises of Christianity, the spirituals could never have been. His religious faith alone made the spirituals great. It furnished that elusive undertone not heard with physical ears, but which tugs at the heart-strings and softens the spirits of the obdurate. This is the real secret of the spirituals' appeal, their pledges of

immortality. The music, the imagery, the form, the language, were all secondary to the fact that the slave, even in his trying situation, had something great to sing about. They were all "things added unto" deeply felt religious experiences. Jazz and the blues reveal the bankruptcy of the Negro's music divorced as they are from religion.

Doubtless the religion of the New Negro will assume different forms from that of his ancestors who created the spirituals (and the unwisdom of a colorless eclecticism is as apparent here as in the case of music, if the danger is not even more real). Assuredly the need of a sustaining faith under the trying conditions of the present is no less to-day than formerly. Here, too, one is concerned to know whether the Aframerican will barter his keen religious susceptibilities for a mess of prosperity. So to do will be to wrong himself, his music and his nation. With a few outstanding exceptions, such as the works of Sibelius and Bloch, modern music is suffering from spiritual anemia. We are prepared to speak magniloquently, but we have no great things to say. This is as true of Stravinsky and that pathetic little-bo-peep-ism of the day—the neo-primitive movement—as it is of jazz. In the past the Negro depended upon his religion to "keep him from sinking down," and he spoke greater than he knew. Perhaps more than he realizes it, is the Negro's future, musical and otherwise, linked up with that of his religion.

A STUDY OF NEGRO HARMONY

By PERCIVAL R. KIRBY

DURING recent years a great deal has been written upon the subject of the so-called "spirituals" of the American Negro, and many authors have taken great pains to extol them for their wonderful originality and beauty. While not denying the beauty of many of these songs, I venture to join issue with those writers who would attribute them entirely to the Negro, and I would endeavour to suggest that the tunes themselves contain pretty conclusive proof of the influences that have been brought to bear upon them, as well as of the elements to which they owe their musical creation.

To one who has lived for many years in Southern Africa, and who has studied the music of the black man both in its unadulterated state and in its various stages of contact with the music of the white, it is obvious that the music of the American Negro presents many parallels with that of the South African black, especially in view of the common race-stock involved.

Now, in discussing this question in detail, one must guard against being led astray by the many clearly Europeanised forms in which American Negro songs have appeared, especially in recent years. The deliberate alteration of the harmonies originally used by the Negro, in fact, appears to have been undertaken from the time when these songs first began to appear in print, in order to make them acceptable to the European ear. The well-known collection of "Jubilee Songs," which had such a vogue in Europe as a result of the tour of the "Jubilee" Singers in the early seventies, shows such alteration throughout. But, in fact, the whole history of the "Jubilee" Singers indicates that a definite system of musical training, based upon European methods, had been in vogue even from the time of the opening of the Fisk School. And if the "Jubilee" Songs show the influence of the European, the arrangements of the "spirituals" which have been made in later years for voice and pianoforte show it still more clearly, even when such arrangements have been made by Negro musicians. This is particularly the case with the settings of "spirituals" by Henry T. Burleigh.

But although such settings represent the form in which the "spirituals" are chiefly known in Europe, they most certainly do

not represent the form in which they were originally sung, and of which distinct traces remain to-day, if one may judge by the four books of "spirituals" and Negro work- and play-songs which were collected, recorded, and transcribed into musical notation at Hampton by Natalie Curtis-Burlin, and published by Schirmer in 1918-1919. There is no doubt that these songs are the real thing, and that the books constitute an ethnological document of exceptional value. An analysis of these songs yields very interesting results. The authoress, in the Foreword to Book I, states that they represent:

faithful efforts to place on paper an exact record of the old traditional plantation songs *as sung by Negroes*. The harmonies are the Negroes' own. I have added nothing [she says] and have striven to omit nothing. Every note in every voice was written down as sung by groups of Negroes, utterly untaught musically, who harmonized the old melodies as they sang, simply because it was natural for them to do so.

The last statement is further explained in the Preface to Book 2, where the authoress says:

Another characteristic of the Negro, musically, is a harmonic sense indicating musical intuition of a high order; [and again], One has but to attend a colored church, whether North or South, to hear men and women break naturally into alto, tenor or bass parts (and even subdivisions of these), to realise how instinctively the Negro musical mind thinks harmonies. . . . Yet it has been asserted by some people that the harmonic sense of the Negro is a product of a white environment and that the black man owes his intuitive gift to the slave-holders who sang hymns, ballads, and popular songs in his hearing.

I propose to analyse the harmonic elements in these "spirituals," and hope to be able to indicate in some measure the influences which have been brought to bear upon the black musicians who were responsible for their creation. But before doing so, I shall say a word or two about the music and the musical practices of some of the native peoples of Southern Africa, since these have an important bearing upon my conclusions concerning those of the American Negro, so far as I have been able to examine them.

South African native music, like the music of other peoples, may be roughly divided into two branches, vocal and instrumental. Instrumental music is usually "solo," save in the case of occasional ensemble performances on reed-pipes, horns, drums, or combinations of these, and in the case of the singular ensembles of voices and marimbas, in which Eastern influences would appear to be at work. The great majority of South African musical instruments

are made for solo performance, their very nature tending to exclude them from use in ensembles. African vocal music, on the other hand, is frequently organised to a considerable extent, although without the aid of a musical notation, except where definite contact with white people has been established. The nature of many of the African languages is such as to suggest a particularly close connection between speech and song, especially in the days before the advent of the white man in Africa, a connection which is still seen, both in Africa and in other parts of the world. In a paper which I read before the South African Association for the Advancement of Science in July, 1926, and published in Johannesburg in that year by that Association, I attempted to show that the "speech-tone" of the Bantu had not only influenced his melodies, but had also directed the course of his polyphonic thought in a direction analogous to that taken by the polyphonic thought of the peoples of Europe during the early centuries of the Christian Era. An examination of many African songs showed that approximate scales of a pentatonic nature formed the basis of most of the melodies, and that such polyphony as existed in purely vocal ensembles was the result of parallel singing within the limits of these pentatonic scales, or scales derived from them, the interval of parallelism being usually the fourth or the fifth. This parallel singing, analogous to the "organum" of mediæval Europe, was, I suggested, due to the influence of speech-tone, which is so important in the Bantu languages that alteration of the tones of the various syllables of a word will frequently alter its meaning, even though it is otherwise correctly pronounced. I argued that the presence of such definite speech-tone in the Bantu languages must necessarily result in parallel singing whenever a number of singers attempted to intone a common sentiment simultaneously, in order that the sense of the words might be preserved. Such parallel singing could, of course, conceivably be effected without any *musical* choice being exercised as to the interval or intervals between the voices concerned, since the primary function of such parallelism would not be a musical one. Actually, however, the influence of the lower sounds of the "harmonic series" would soon be felt, these being the sounds that are most readily elicited from primitive wind and stringed instruments, such as are those still made and played by African musicians; and these sounds would tend, little by little, to create a rudimentary harmonic sense, by bringing about a gradual stabilisation of note-centres (which through diversity of language would vary from race to race), and by implanting

in the mind of the black a feeling and desire for the simultaneous sounding of notes of different pitches. It must, however, be noted that parallel singing at the interval of a fifth or fourth, within the limits of a pentatonic scale (such as is found in Africa), forces the singers to take cognisance of new intervals, the sixth and the third, as will be seen from the accompanying examples.



This distinguishes the "organum" of the African from that of mediæval Europe, in which the original interval of a fourth or fifth was maintained throughout, owing to its being based on heptatonic scales. In fact, the early European polyphonists deliberately altered the one imperfect fifth which their system involved, in order to maintain perfect parallelism. Thus it would appear that parallelism within the limits of a pentatonic scale would tend to lead naturally to a harmonic knowledge of intervals other than the simplest ones, whereas parallelism within the limits of a heptatonic scale or scales, such as those used in early Europe, would tend to delay such knowledge. But in all cases independent polyphonic movement of parts would not occur systematically until tone ceased to be the predominant factor in language, and stress took its place.

The South African black was therefore in a position to assimilate readily the European harmonic system in its simpler aspects; and with the advent of the white man, and particularly of the white missionary, he did so with avidity. As a result, one can observe in South Africa native music in all stages of development, from the unadulterated type found in the *kraals*, to the completely Europeanised variety, which, however, does not display anything like the degree of development which has been achieved in the best work of black musicians of the United States who have been trained on European lines.

An examination of the organised vocal music of the "raw" South African native will reveal certain general characteristics. Antiphonal singing, where a soloist is answered by a chorus, is common; in fact it is so frequently met with that it may be considered to be basic. Polyphonic parallelism, already explained, is also characteristic, the intervals usually present being the unison, the fifth or fourth, and the sixth or third, together with octave reduplications when men and women sing together. Absence of

musical notation leads to great variation in detail within the limits of a definite general style of performance. There is a tendency for melodies to proceed in a downward direction, this being the normal tendency of melody in its primitive state. The musical forms employed are of the simplest, as a general rule they rarely exceed a single musical sentence. As the words and the melody qualify each other, their formal structures are similar. The following example illustrates many of these features; it is an old-time chant of the Mpumuza chiefs of Natal, which I recorded phonographically, and afterwards transcribed. Naturally, it is quite impossible to represent accurately the true pitch of the sounds sung, so the system utilised has been the common one of giving the nearest sound in ordinary musical notation, and indicating by a + or — whether the sound is slightly above or slightly below the note written.

Chant: "A jeza je" ("The soldiers come from far")

C = 517-3 Vibr. per sec.

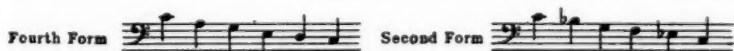
The melody, it will be seen, is carried by the upper male voice, duplicated in the octave above by some of the women's voices. The lower male voices sing in parallel at the interval of a fifth below the melody. At times some of the women duplicate this part in the upper octave. The presence of the interval of a sixth will be seen in the fourth, seventh and eighth bars; it is due to parallelism within the limits of the pentatonic scale, fourth form. At (a) the second male voice "disappeared." At (b) the upper D was distinctly heard; the suggestion of a triad being very significant, the G also being unmistakably present. The slanting lines at (c) indicate "portamenti," or glidings from note to note. The chant was started by a woman (or alternatively by a man and woman in octaves), who intoned a portion of the second "phrase"; a man joined in, and then all the singers began the first "phrase" quite decisively, the men singing in two parts, and the women an octave above the higher male voice part, except during bars three and four. The tune is of definite, though elementary structure. It consists of two equal phrases in duple time, each containing

four strong and four weak accents, and commencing with an anacrusis. The two phrases balance perfectly, the whole forming a complete musical sentence. It will be observed that not only the melody notes, but also the notes used in "harmonizing" that melody, belong to the particular pentatonic scale employed, save that the "gliding" referred to above implies a certain flexibility of treatment at times. It must also be pointed out that the upper male voice is made to sound more prominent than the other voices.

Now let us examine the eight Negro "spirituals" contained in the first two books of Natalie Curtis-Burlin's work. These are

- (1) O Ride On, Jesus.
- (2) Go Down, Moses.
- (3) Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.
- (4) Good News, Chariot's Comin'.
- (5) 'Tis Me, O Lord.
- (6) Listen To De Lambs.
- (7) O Ev'ry Time I Feel De Spirit.
- (8) God's A-Gwine Ter Move All De Troubles Away.

They were sung by groups of four singers, tenor, "lead," baritone and bass. The "lead" maintains the melody throughout, and acts as soloist during the antiphony which is characteristic of these songs, and which strongly suggests African influence. The melodies are all definitely pentatonic, all but No. 2 being in the fourth form of the pentatonic scale, and No. 2 itself being in the second form.



(Transposed into C for comparison.)

The only case where a note foreign to these scales is introduced into a melody is in a variant of No. 1, where the fourth of the scale occurs as a "passing" note, suggestive of the "glide" in the African pentatonic songs.

The harmonies present a very interesting problem. Although I have made a complete quantitative and qualitative analysis of them, it is necessary in a study such as this to condense it, and I shall therefore confine myself to illustrating the main points in my argument, which lead up to the conclusions that I have come to.

Since Tune No. 2 is in the second form of the pentatonic scale, I shall neglect it for the present, and deal with the remaining seven. The notes used in harmonisation are, with rare exceptions, diatonic; and the bulk of them are constituent notes of the pentatonic scale being used. When the fourth or the seventh are found in a chord, they have been introduced for harmonic reasons, or they occur as "passing" notes. These notes appear in the following chords, which exclude some less usual combinations, dealt with separately. The infrequent use of chords of the seventh indicates the essentially elementary nature of the harmonisations.

Tune No	Triads and their Inversions							Sevenths			
	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	I ₇	II ₇	V ₇	VI ₇
1	•••	•		•	•						
3	•••			•••		•••					
4	•••				•					••	
5	•••					••				••	
6	•••	•		•	•			•		•	•
7	•			•	••	••					
8	•••		•	••		•				•	

The different spacings of these chords used in the harmonisations shows that there has been a general tendency to utilise principally the chords of the tonic, subdominant and dominant, and their inversions, with the occasional use of the triads of the remaining notes of the diatonic scale, except the seventh note. It is also seen that there is little variety of chord-spacing except in the case of the tonic chord; for, whereas the minimum number of spacings of the root position of the tonic chord is three, and the maximum sixteen, all other chords or their inversions appear in one or two spacings only, with the exception of the first inversion of the tonic chord, which appears in five spacings in Tune No. 3. It will, therefore, be seen that the harmony of these songs is primarily of an elementary nature.

But there are throughout the songs a number of combinations of notes of a much less simple nature, which, contrasting violently with the simplicity of the bulk of the harmony, relieve it of its monotony. These combinations call for special consideration. They are as follows:

Tune No. 3 No. 5 No. 6

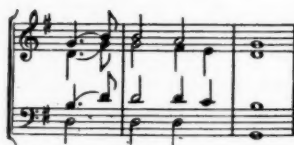
No. 7 No. 8

All these combinations will be seen to be the result of passing or auxiliary notes in the part-singing. The combination in Tune No. 6 is definitely European, and is undoubtedly of relatively recent introduction into the harmonic system of the Negro. But whereas in European polyphony the various parts are related closely to each other as well as to the basic part, in these Negro songs the singers appear to be content if the different "harmony parts" are in agreement with the "lead," even if they are not at all times in agreement with each other. Thus chordal combinations have arisen which are not usually found in simple European harmony, and the result sounds to the ear much more advanced in design than it really is. Or, in other words, the Negro has arrived at a number of unusual, and therefore fresh-sounding, progressions by a species of "short-circuiting" which is of great interest. The following passages show the process.

No. 5 No. 6

No. 8

Another feature of the Negro harmonisations consists of a tendency to cause the leading-note to fall in the penultimate chord, when such chord is a dominant or a dominant-seventh. This is due to a persistent desire for complete cadential chords. All the characteristics which I have pointed out are to be found in the music of the South African black *where he has been in contact with the European and his music*. In particular, the desire for complete chords at the conclusion of a song has led in South Africa to the use, at times, of the following cadence, for which the "gliding" of the alto voices is no doubt responsible.



Further, the "spirituals" which we have been considering show yet another important feature. Though the harmonisations generally bear unmistakable signs of European influence, there are places where a reversion to primitive methods is clearly seen. The first tune "O Ride on, Jesus," affords an excellent example. The "lead" starts off, unaccompanied, with the powerful pentatonic melody. After two measures, the remaining voices join in, adding harmonies which are obviously of European descent; but at the verbal climax, which is also the climax of the tune, "Ride, on, Conquering King," the European influence abates, and the four voices revert to parallelism, the bass actually reduplicating the melody of the "lead" in the lower octave in absolute defiance of European principles.

"O Ride on, Jesus"

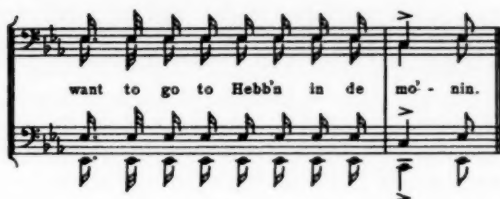
With sweep and majesty

Solo

Tenor Lead

O ride on, Je-sus, ride on Je - sus. Ride on con-quer-ing King, I

Baritone Bass



The second tune, "Go Down, Moses," which I have hitherto neglected, since it is in a different form of the pentatonic scale, exhibits similar features; in particular, the phenomenon of parallelism is very pronounced, and this leads to unorthodox doubling of notes of the chord of the dominant seventh, and to an abnormal resolution of it.



The work- and play-songs which are contained in Books 3 and 4 of the series likewise exhibit the same features as the "spirituals"; some of them, however, consist of simple melodies with antiphonal answers in one part only, and these are completely African in nature.

Summarising my analysis of all these tunes, I would suggest that:

(1) The melodies are clearly pentatonic throughout, or, if other notes have been added, these are rarely used, and they occur principally as passing notes, which may be explained by the "gliding" which is so characteristic of African peoples, although they may have become stabilised by harmonic influences.

(2) The accompanying parts are in the main pentatonic. With few exceptions, additional notes are due to harmonic influences. When these notes are the fourth or seventh of the scale, they are almost invariably introduced for harmonic purposes.

(3) The chords used are relatively few in number, and as a rule are very closely connected. Modulation as such is practically non-existent. What at first sight appear to be unusual chords are due to the fact that conflicting polyphonic lines, each simply

related to the main melody, clash; and unusual endings will frequently be found to be due to a conflict between a European "authentic" cadence, and an African "plagal" melody.

(4) The general style of the harmonisations would appear to be of relatively recent origin. The fact that the melodies are consistently pentatonic, while the harmonies show distinct European influence, would indicate that the melodies, together with their words, are of earlier date than their harmonies. It is therefore probable that the melodies represent African practice governed to some extent by European formal structure, due to direct or subconscious borrowing of fragments of European hymnology and the like, which in course of time have been modified by the black, whose elementary sense of form is reflected in the tunes and in the words; while the harmonies represent a definite attempt on the part of the black man to emulate the white man's harmonic methods, and to secure his results. In so doing, the black man, by limiting himself in his choice of chords, and by dispensing with notation, has acquired a flair for the practically extemporaneous harmonisation of the simple, pentatonic melodies that are characteristic of his people, which is not normally found among the whites.

MUSIC MIRRORS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

PART I

IN the Empress Eugénie's boudoir in St. Cloud, the summer palace, stands an oval cheval-glass in its gilded frame. One may still tilt it—as her white hand once did—to the desired angle of vision. At midnight, when the moon is full, were one to draw the magic circle, cast the dark powder and murmur the word of power, the pageant of the Second Empire might rise within that mirror's disk. Yet its glittering panorama would be one of suspended animation, of colorful groups caught in the moment of arrested motion, unless there were evoked from some far bourne of sound the multiple musical echoes of their time. Then only would the mirror-pageant's marionettes come to life.

For to no historic epoch has music been more truly the breath of its nostrils, the intimate reflection of its essence, than to the Second Empire. Its music mirrored its love and hatreds, politics and passions, devotions and debauches. With the democracy of tone it unified human and governmental trends into one great carnivalesque social drama. The popular conception of the Second Empire as "a prolonged *opéra-bouffe*," preceded by a melodramatic Prologue, the *Coup d'État*, and culminating in a tragic military Finale, that "Débâcle" which Zola has so vividly portrayed, is fairly well established by fact. The sun of Austerlitz regilds the earlier scenes of the Napoleonic Legend restaged, but the march and dance rhythms of its later acts carry on above a groundbass of impending doom, to climax in the *Dies irae* of Sedan.

* * *

PROLOGUE

It was a cold December night in 1851; and the Paris *Opéra-Comique* held a brilliant audience. The première of Limnander's somewhat dull opera, "Le Château de la Barbe-Bleue," was the occasion. In it a niece of James II of England, disguised as a Hindoo widow suspected of doing away with several husbands, was drumming up Jacobite recruits in a gloomy mansion in the

suburbs of Madras. Mme. Ugualde was singing. But when the Count de Morny, half-brother and intimate adviser of Louis Napoleon, Prince-President of France, entered his box, he drew attention from the stage. For he was accompanied by General Changarnier, one of Louis Napoleon's chief political enemies. And this seemed strange, when all Paris was agog with rumors of the impending breach between the Chamber of Deputies and the titular head of the state. Malicious Republican sympathizers present at once identified the château in Madras with the Elysée Palace, and said that the presidential Bluebeard of France, having already disposed of his wives "Equality" and "Fraternity," was now preparing to cut the throat of "Liberty," his third.

They were not far wrong. De Morny had taken Changarnier to the theatre to prevent any chance of his appearing at the Elysée, where the *Coup d'État* was under discussion at the moment. The opera over, and Changarnier safely dropped at his home, De Morny was rapidly driven to the palace. There, in the "Silver Boudoir," the portrait of Napoleon I gazing approvingly from the wall, he and his brother's other advisers settled the final details of the conspiracy which was to make a second empire of the second republic. Victor Hugo has hatefully "belled" the cat (Louis Napoleon and his advisers) preparing to leap on that winter night preceding the *Coup d'État*:

"Three friends surrounded him. 'Twas at the *Elysée*.
A gleam of light that window did betray . . .
And when the three from out that house did go,
Morny, Maupas the Greek, the jackel, Saint-Arnaud,
Seeing them sidle by, upon their errand bound,
The Paris bells, chiming the hour's past round,
Sought all in vain to make the tocsin sound."

At ten o'clock the next morning Louis Napoleon rode through the Paris streets on a magnificent chestnut. He was followed by a staff of some forty general officers, in gold-embroidered uniforms and white-plumed hats, and an escort of *Cuirassiers* with pistols drawn. Everywhere he was greeted by the twenty-five thousand men he reviewed in order of battle on either bank of the Seine by cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

On the third of December the more dangerous Republican deputies were seized and removed from Paris. On the fourth, when the opposition, all too late, began to erect barricades, the soldiers "flown with insolence and wine" (or, rather, cognac), were turned loose to perpetrate the massacre of the Boulevards, to gut Tortoni's, the exclusive restaurant of the *beau monde*, to demolish

the fashionable *Bains de Jouvence*, to pillage rich shops and shoot down innocent shopkeepers, dressmakers and tourists. Louis Napoleon himself, suffering of neuralgia in the Elysée, was not directly responsible for the needless slaughter, which lies at the door of the savage "African," General Saint-Arnaud, hardened to bloodshed in Algeria. Yet there was no reaction. The army and the peasantry were whole-heartedly imperialistic. The masses in Paris were in part indifferent, in part prepared to acclaim the new order as the result of an extensive advertising campaign, in which the nephew of the uncle had not neglected the musical factor.

The foundation for this campaign had already been laid during the reigns of Charles X and Louis-Philippe, when Béranger's Napoleonic ballads were sung by every *grisette* and *faubourgien*. These elegiac evocations of a vanished golden age, as Heine says, "were sung by young girls, little children and crippled soldiers, with all sorts of accompaniments and every kind of variation." They sounded over into the Second Republic, and were continued—often through the medium of its president's paid publicists—in the *chansons*, the popular songs in those *cafés-concerts* which had supplanted the *cafés-chantants* of the eighteenth century.

There the Parisians, listening to *L'Honnête Homme* ("The Honest Man") learned to think of Louis Napoleon as his uncle's heir. *La Bonne Catherine* brought tears to their eyes with its lush vocal sentimentalization of his decoration of a *grognard* of the Old Guard at a review. And *Le Suffrage Universel*—a sample of the vocal political argument used to endear him to the Paris proletariat—passionately begged him to take command of the ship of state. All these *voci popolari* hastened that gradual drift of French opinion toward the Napoleonic legend, a trend which had begun before 1840.

The prophecy of the cherished street refrain which had so long been on the Parisian air:

"Nous l'aurons!
Nous l'aurons!
—Louis-Napoleon!"

was fulfilled. And though it was not until the December of 1852 that a plebiscite declared him Emperor, the splendid ceremonial of the blessing of the French army standards on the Champ de Mars already saw them topped by the imperial eagles, reëstablished by decree. The occasion also initiated the tradition of the blatant sonority of an imperial military music whose massed drums and brasses were to dominate the empire's other tides of

sound. Parts of Adolphe Adam's "Mass of St.-Cecelia" were played by the united bands of all the regiments of the Paris garrison, a thousand men, the cavalry bands taking the voice-parts.¹

As Guedalla says, "The trumpets which rang out in the dawn of the Second Empire were a faint, retarded echo of the trumpets of Austerlitz." The army throughout the reign of Louis Napoleon continued the most ostensible symbol of the Legend resuscitate; its music emphasized its brilliant emergence from precedent dowdiness. Regimental conductors grew in importance. There were clanging bugle bands for the *Chasseurs à pied*. Rossini "was asked to compose a new trumpet march" for the dandy gentlemen of the *Guides*, and their green and gold, the blue of the Hussars and the burnished bronze of the *Cuirassier* breast-plates were more vividly set off by the new, light, stirring marches which marked the pace for the army that had once more entered upon the tradition finished at Waterloo.

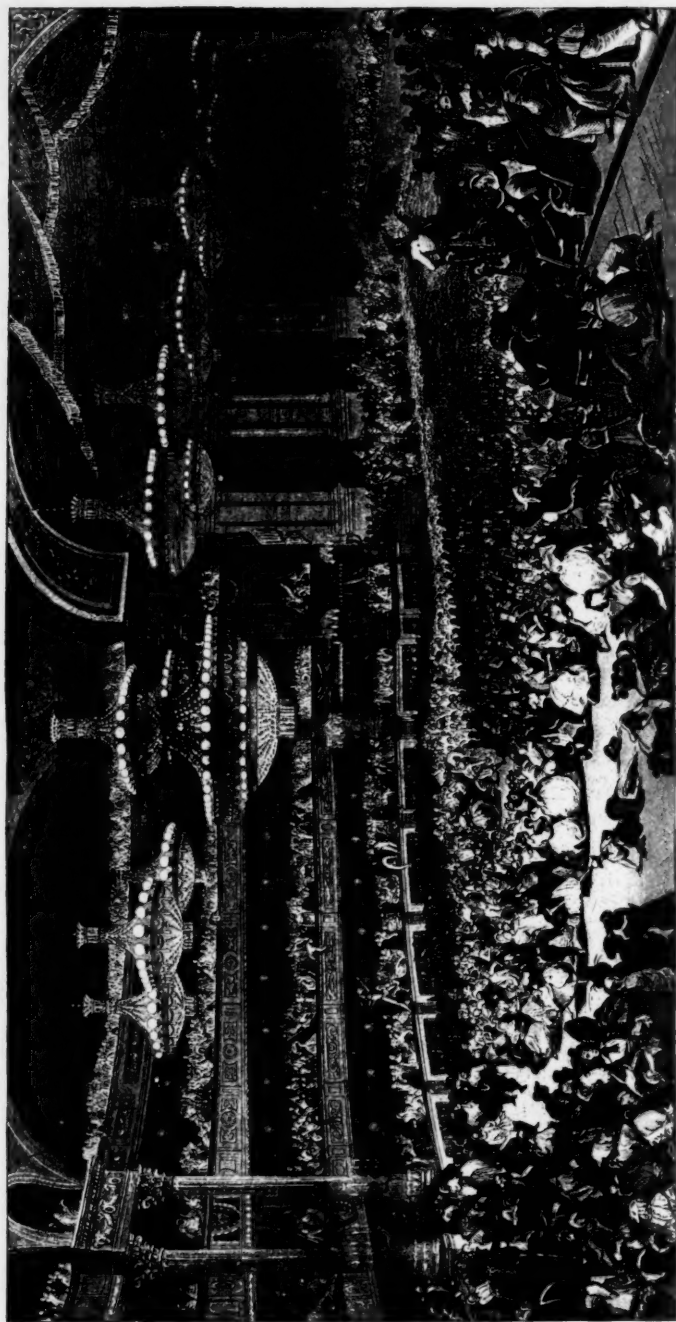
As a musician, Louis Napoleon was on a par with his uncle, who could not carry a tune, no matter how well he may sing in Giordano's opera. No doubt in infancy he heard his mother Hortense sing the sentimental *romances* of the First Empire, and that "Partant pour la Syrie" of her own confection which he turned into a dynastic anthem. We even know that in the unsophisticate New York of 1836, where he turned up after his Strasbourg fiasco, he heard music on at least one occasion. For not only did he play billiards in the Old City Hotel, and appear at Ferdinand Palma's famous *Café des Mille Colonnes*, on Broadway above Duane Street, where "he was often seen in very bad company": it is recorded that he once went to a Wesleyan Camp Meeting. His reactions to the hymns of militant Methodism have not been set down, though even if they may have been distasteful to him, this would not necessarily imply that he were unmusical.

Yet it is clear that he had no music in his soul. It existed only in his consciousness, as a means to political ends. He suffered it gladly, perhaps, only in the case of the Offenbach *opéras-bouffes*, where witty lines and situations served as a palliative, or at the *Opéra*, where the ballet indemnified the eye for what the ear had to endure. Yet in any event, throughout his reign, he stoically resigned himself to music on each and every occasion. For he knew its value as a unifying factor of his golden edifice of empire.

¹It was on this field-day, too, that Mr. Sax's then new saxophone—the "moaner" of the orchestras which now intone in temples where the synthetic Bacchus and the jungle Venus are worshipped—made its first appearance.



The Box at Covent-Garden
(The Emperor, the Queen, the Empress and the Prince-Consort)



A *Bal de l'Opéra* during the Second Empire

built of thin air upon an idealization of the past. He had, in fact, when he made his unsuccessful Strasbourg snatch for the crown which led to his exile to America, in part relied upon music to ensure its success. An operatic contralto who was, as she insisted, "politically" devoted to Louis Napoleon, at his suggestion tried to sing her way into the heart of Colonel Vaudrey, commanding the 4th Artillery in the great frontier fortress. The Colonel heard her in Strasbourg drawing-rooms and the Baden-Baden Casino, and—though the practical results of his conquest were negligible—she did actually lead him to join the conspiracy, to quote Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, "in the low voice."

To Louis Napoleon music was a talisman whose effect upon others than himself he had gauged by repeated experiment. He estimated from experience the power of "the song of the street"; knew that good regimental bands maintain soldierly spirit, professional pride and smartness on parade, and how authentic a note the metallic stridencies of brasses and the sonorous rhythms of percussives lend the colors of uniforms and the glitter of arms. He was aware of the dual rôle—intoxicant and sedative—the music of the dance plays in social life. He realized that his appearance at one of the more popular houses, the *Bouffes* or *Opéra-Comique*, inclined to him the hearts of audiences whose tastes he seemed to share. And he knew how, as the living voice of the scenic splendors of the *Grand-Opéra*, music lent soul to the magnificence of his imperial box; that, indirectly, it stressed the visualized glory of the sovereign and his Court. Hence it was politically preordained that the music-mirrors of the Second Empire should be kept brightly polished.

ACT I

THE SMILING AZURE DAYS

From its beginning the Second Empire ran the First to death in the revival of externals: of Napoleonic names, dignities, traditions, and Court etiquette, though the true epic note of the *grande épopée* never was attained, despite lavish profusion of ceremonial, uniforms, gold and glitter. Yet to lend distinction to an imperial court and ensure the perpetuation of a dynasty an Empress was needed. The circumstances which led to the choice of a Spanish noblewoman to fill the vacant throne are well known, and on January 22, 1853, Napoleon, assembling the Legislative Bodies—without mentioning that a vain attempt to realize his love-romance without a wedding-ring had preceded his resolution—announced

that he had chosen Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, to share his volatile heart and parvenu throne. Eight days later, after the civil marriage at the Tuileries, the golden state coach which had borne Napoleon I and Josephine to their coronation in Notre-Dame carried Napoleon III and Eugénie to their wedding at the same cathedral.

There they were made one amid every decorative accessory that magnificence could devise and (as an ear-witness describes the official cantata Auber wrote for the occasion and the March from Meyerbeer's "*Le Prophète*"), "a divine music that ravished the senses." More of the earth, earthy, yet showing the popular reaction to the event, were the sentimental street songs that hailed Eugénie as "an angel from heaven," "the illustrious Spanish rose," and "humanity's queen." Another cynical contemporary, however, sneeringly said: "the texts of these harmless ballads reveal that instinct for propriety incult spirits show when tormented by the urge of self-expression."

Eugénie was no more musical, incidentally, than was her husband. She preferred charades to concerts, the flourish of hunting-horns to orchestral tutti, and the most intimate musical note she struck in the privacy of the Tuileries was that of the little Chinese gong at the top of the staircase which summoned her husband from his study on the floor below. Aside from a few foreigners like the Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, only two men in Court circles stood out musically. One was Joseph Napoleon Ney, Prince de la Moskowa, son of the great Marshal, a gifted amateur, who sought to revive interest in the serious music of the 16th century. The other, de Morny, was his antithesis, an intelligent, appreciative patron of the lighter musical dramatic forms whose encouragement helped establish the Offenbach *opéra-bouffe* as the music-mirror which most truly reflected the banality, brilliance and joy in life of the period.

The *Grand-Opéra*, like Notre-Dame and much else in France, had been refurbished in connection with the imperial marriage fêtes, and new laws had been issued to make the appearance of its personnel conform to ideals of imperial dignity. Orchestra musicians and *claqueurs*, who hitherto had worn what they chose, were now compelled to don evening dress, and white and black cravats, respectively. The foyer was painted in imitation marble, all its carvings regilded, and "chairs and divans of red plush invited loungers to luxurious repose." The Emperor's bust was pedestaled fronting the grand entrance, and as the apex of the

interior renovation, above the imperial box, "the Imperial Arms, in gilded, carven wood, were placed upon a golden brocade mantle lined with purple."

The performances at this now "*Académie Impériale de Musique*" took rank as semi-official Court functions, at which the sovereigns showed themselves with every adjunct of official splendor calculated to impress the crowd. The Bourbon kings had eaten in public, and *hoi polloi*, peering hungrily through the gilded bars of the Versailles' gardens, went wild with delight when Louis XV, with one clip of his knife dexterously sent the top of his hard-boiled egg into the air. During the Second Empire, Parisians of the baser sort enjoyed a similar thrill when, against a background of rich uniforms and gold-embroidered Court costumes they saw the Emperor raise his opera-glass, sweep the boxes, in which "lovely girls swam before one's eyes like a fleet of painted lilies," and unerringly focus his lorgnette on the prettiest woman in the house.

The Second Empire was a parvenu empire, an empire pseudo-democratic, whose Cæsar must lose no chance of impressing the public which had "elected" him with the importance of what its plebiscite had called forth. For this the *Opéra* offered a splendid opportunity. The Paris press, during the empire, shows that the imperial couple made a point of being seen at the "*Académie Impériale*," "*Aux Italiens*," the "*Opéra-Comique*," the "*Théâtre Lyrique*," the "*Bouffes*" and the "*Variétés*," not only to give important novelties the benediction of their presence, but on numerous other occasions as well.

We read constantly: "The Emperor and Empress attended the performance. . . ." Thus, at the première of Meyerbeer's "*L'Étoile du Nord*" (Feb. 16, 1854), an opera which scored a success in spite of the anti-Russian feeling of the French at the time—the dignified *France Musicale* spoke of "the Cossacks, those bastards of the human race," in its account of the performance—the Emperor and Empress signified their intention of being present, "in advance." And when Sophie Cruvelli made her début at the *Opéra* on January 16, 1854, in "*Les Huguenots*," so great was the interest of the *beau monde* that: "The Emperor and Empress arrived some time before the hour of commencement . . . and it was scarcely possible to direct an opera-glass to any part of the house without bringing the face and figure of some notable personage to view."

It was during the first years of the empire that the special "political" cantata performances—including the one commemo-

rating the birthday of Napoleon I, the "Saint-Napoléon"—became a tradition at the *Grand-Opéra*; and fell into line with the grand reviews, the fire-works and the spectacular shows whose music was identified with the dynasty. That amiable cynic and talented composer, François Auber, who had been a boy when Louis XVI was beheaded, wrote no less than twelve of these occasional cantatas. As for the operas, the pompous grand historical operas of Meyerbeer, Spontini and Halévy, inherited from the days of Louis-Philippe, the romantic scores of Hérold, Auber, Gounod, Thomas, Verdi, *et al*, all lent themselves to brilliant scenic development; while Auber, Adam, Massé, Bazin, and a host of writers of *opéras-comiques* marked the transition to the operettas, *opéras-bouffes* and vaudevilles.

Napoleon III, than whom none was more apt, to use a phrase of the time, at "throwing bait to the gold-fish," made a point of ensuring his personal popularity with directors, singers and dancers. Men like Nestor Roqueplan, director of the *Grand-Opéra*, were sure of the golden snuff-box with the Emperor's likeness set in brilliants; and on composers of laudatory cantatas, and artists and dancers of the opera-stages, diamond rings were liberally bestowed. As a result the song-birds refrained from pecking at the hand which fed them precious stones, and only opened their mouths to sing their patron's praise.

* *
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In the year 1853 the imperial Court for the first time officially sanctioned by a special performance at the Tuileries the musical vaudeville revue which was the forerunner of the Offenbach operetta, that distinctive opera-type the Second Empire created, and which is most characteristic of that for which it stood. The *Palais-Royal* vaudevillists were the sensation of the day, and when the Comte de Morny—who more than any one man helped lend the Empire its specific social and musical *cachet*—had attended a rehearsal of "Gargouillada," he persuaded the Emperor to have "Les Folies Dramatiques" (the revue in which the act occurred) presented at the Tuileries before it was heard by the public. The sovereigns and the Court heard, enjoyed and approved; and Hervé, who had written the music, when the verdict of the public confirmed that of the palace, became a made man overnight.

And it was during the same year that the military music of the Second Empire for the first time "took the field," in the Crimean War, and literally "played" its part in impressing

Europe with the excellence of the French army, though the struggle in the Crimea was not allowed to interfere with the programme of splendid musical fêtes, official balls, grand receptions and opera gala *soirées* inaugurated by the Empress the year before, to all of which music, in one way or another, gave its final decorative touch. At the outbreak of the war, a patriotic song continually heard in the streets and the *cafés-concerts* was "L'Invalide et son fils." In it a veteran of the First Napoleon's Russian campaign, whose "two eyes" had been blown out by grapeshot, implored his soldier son to improve the opportunity to avenge his parent. The savage refrain ran:

"Make haste to go, make haste to go!
Avenge me in the Orient!
Let Russ and Cossack for my content
By your avenging arm be slain!
Give them what's what! Above all else,
Look to it that not one remain!
Tra la la la la la la,
Look to it, son, that none remain!"

Another, "Le Bal à Grand Orchestre, ou la Danse des Cosaques," pictured the war as a dance bound to end with the taking of St. Petersburg by the Allies. And the fall season at the "Académie Impériale" was inaugurated on August 15th, the First Napoleon's birthday, by a gratis gala performance of "Robert le Diable," and a cantata whose music (more or less) had been written by Queen Hortense, Louis Napoleon's mother, a "Hymne à la Gloire."

The *Grand-Opéra*, the "Académie Impériale," in the Place de la Bourse, "a chapel of ease to bear the great temple of Mammon, the Stock Exchange, company," was by now definitely placed as the house of the Court, of the official and the high financial world. The older French aristocracy, however, preferred the "Italian Theatre" (*Aux Italiens*) where, "while the gas burned low," Mario soothed "with a tenor note the souls in Purgatory." A liberal imperial subvention already had facilitated various improvements at the *Grand-Opéra*. In an effort to enhance its dignity, the "ladies with the camellias" and the "marble girls" had been warned off, and the leases of their *loges* had not been renewed, so that half-world diamonds no longer challenged gems of purer water in the front row boxes. But the suppression of the journalistic free list by Fould, the new director, and the resulting journalistic slogan, "No passes, no criticism!" caused great excitement among the *prime donne*, whose chorus of press adulation was cut

off. Indignantly Mme. Stoltz wrote the Emperor: "At the 'Académie Impériale' we do not sing for money but for fame!" Only the entreaties of Lord Cowley, her English lover, induced her to withdraw her resignation.

The famous Cruvelli, in fact, made a complete disappearance at this time, leaving all her diamonds behind her, and rumor claimed it was because the new rule forbade that her name be placarded in larger letters than the names of the other singers. Her flight, which later turned out to be a runaway marriage with Baron Vigier, a Paris wit and man-about-town, deranged all the plans for the production of Auber's "King Lear." Gounod's "La Nonne Sanglante," next groomed to be the *clou* of the opera season, fell flat. In connection with its première a critic said: "Since the *Grand-Opéra* has become an imperial institution, it has turned into one of Eugène Sue's 'Mysteries of Paris.' The distribution of stalls, boxes, etc., for first nights has become a matter of Court favor, and hence the opinion of the public admitted is not representative." We should remember, however, that this critic no longer had a free pass. The return of Cruvelli to sing in "Les Huguenots," however, caused the "Nun's" downfall to be forgotten, and "divided public attention with the siege of Sebastopol."

The war, in fact, preempted the popular mind. In the more famous *cafés-concerts*—the *Horloge*, *Ambassadeurs*, *Café Mocha*, *Cadran*, *Café de la France* and *Cheval Blanc*—Thérèse, as well as Nadoux, Chebroux and J.-B. Clément were singing Leroy's "Sous les Ramparts de Sébastopol," the ballad of the day. And the adventuress, Lola Montez, destined to end her picturesque career in New York, was making her début in a fairy vaudeville, "La Biche aux Bois" (The Doe in the Woods)—a quasi-rehearsal of the rôle of the "deer" for her Munich appearance with King Maximilian, the pursuing huntsman, as the leading man—without causing more than passing interest.

It was after the "Saint-Napoléon," in 1854, that the Emperor and Empress for the first time spent some weeks in their new château at Biarritz, on the Gulf of Biscay, and their first reappearance at the *Opéra*, on their return in November, was made notable by a public display of the newly instituted *Cent-Gardes*, in all the glory of sky-blue coats, deep mulberry-colored trousers, polished black cavalry boots, white doeskin gloves and plumes and gold-glittering helmets and cuirasses, caracoling about the imperial carriage on its way to the house. A performance of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" that season, incidentally, was marked by a curious tragedy.

Captain Krume, a Prussian army officer living in Paris, found to his despair that he was growing deaf. When convinced he could no longer hear either the trumpets in the cavalry barracks of the Champ de Mars, or the drums of the infantry barracks at the Place Vendôme, he purchased a box seat at the *Opéra*. There, when the famous chorus "Piff, paff!" failed to register on his ear, he drew a pistol and shot himself so awkwardly that the dresses of the ladies in the box were spattered with his blood, and a bit of the unfortunate suicide's jaw-bone was afterwards found hanging from a limb of the great glass chandelier. To offset tragedy, however, there was a farce. A Count Thaddeus de Tysakiewics, editor of a Leipzig musical journal, claiming blood relationship with the erstwhile Grand-Dukes of Lithuania, sued the director of the Paris *Opéra* because of the "mental and musical anguish" a scandalously mutilated performance of Weber's "*Freischütz*" had caused him. Instead of collecting damages he made himself a figure of fun, and had to pay the costs of court.

The King of Belgium and the young Prince of Portugal were seen at the *Opéra* as Eugénie's guests in this year when the Baltimore Bonapartes, "living like other good Americans at a Paris hotel," nevertheless dined at the Tuileries by imperial invitation. At the *Opéra-Comique* the Prince de la Moskowa had produced an amateurish opera, "*Yvonne*"; Napoleon III had made him a senator and a brigadier-general, but even his presence at the princely première could not win public favor for his protégé as a composer.

Yet, if during the winter of 1854 direct musical reactions to the war were more or less confined to the vaudeville houses, the boxes at the *Opéra* showed how deeply the conflict engaged the sympathies of high society, for the jewelry of the season was all war-jewelry. Gentlemen wore grenade, chain-shot and rocket sleeve-buttons of precious stones; there were enameled bombs and small ruby cannon mounted in pearls for my lady's corsage; and for brooches the newly designed casque of the Imperial Guard (which, like its helmet, had been created at the beginning of the war) gleamed in emeralds and jet. Even in musical criticism the war note was sounded, and Verdi's "*Trovatore*" was censured for ". . . its overwhelming noise of cymbals, bells and drums, anything that produces a deafening effect on the ear. If cannon are not used, it is only because all the cannon in France are spending the winter at Sebastopol!"

In April, the year following, the French Emperor and Empress for once heard opera in a London instead of a Paris house, in

connection with their visit to England. Queen Victoria "had the good taste" to order a gala performance of "Fidelio" at the Royal Italian Opera, though "the attention of the vast audience was so absorbed by the royal and imperial *dramatis personæ* that the republican Beethoven had no chance for a hearing," even with a new German prima donna—Mlle. Jenny Ney (not related to the Prince)—for his heroine. The *London Times* of April 20, 1855, describes the event in the ornate phraseology of its Victorian day:

It was more than ten years since an Emperor had been visible in a London theatre; and the audience gazed . . . as though such an event would not again occur in our time. The theatre looked wonderfully gay and brilliant . . . hangings of white calico with broad satin edges and gold ornaments gave a light and airy appearance to the boxes, adorned, moreover, with festoons of flowers from top to bottom; and there was as much propriety as elegance in banners that separated one box from another, with the initials "V," "N," "E" and "A," variously distributed in the midst of circular wreaths—one initial on each banner. The retiring rooms of the State box, which comprised the saloon at the grand entry and a portion of the lobby on the grand tier, were arranged with consummate taste and prodigal magnificence. Vast mirrors multiplied the effects of the statuary, parterres of flowers, richly adorned furniture and endless lustres almost realized the ideal of one of the palaces of the Arabian Nights. [How like one of Ouida's aristocratic boudoir interiors!] Foremost among the manifestations of the sculptor's art were statuettes of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugénie and the Emperor of the French.

The illustrious party did not make its appearance until after the first act of the opera was over. The interval was passed by the audience—probably the most brilliant, if not the most numerous, ever assembled within the walls of a theatre—rather in a low sustained buzz or murmur of expectation than in attention to the performance. About a quarter to ten Her Majesty entered the State box with the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie with His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. Costa then waving his baton, "Partant pour la Syrie" was struck up, and the acclamations of the audience were graciously responded to by repeated obeisances. The French national air was succeeded by our own anthem, of which Mme. Bosio sang the first verse, and all the company of the Royal Italian Opera, save those engaged in the performance of "Fidelio" took part. The *entente cordiale* thus established, the cheers and acclamations of the audience were renewed until the illustrious party resumed their seats, and the "Leonore" overture, magnificently played by the orchestra, obtained at least some degree of consideration for the music of Beethoven. After the second and third acts . . . listened to with comparative attention . . . the curtain rose, and behind the principal performers and the chorus was revealed a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, who, sooner than not be present on such an occasion, had purchased the privilege of standing before the footlights during the performance of the national anthem and the "Partant pour la Syrie."

The imperial voyagers had returned toward the end of the month to Paris, to prepare for the first of the great French *Expositions Universelles*, grandiose economic epics of the industrial and commercial development of the country, and splendid visual poems of its productivity and wealth. For despite the cynic spirit of recklessness, luxury and pleasure which ruled society in general, and which was becoming more and more manifest, the Second Empire was no mere régime of stockjobbers, military adventurers, card-sharpers and courtesans. It was economically sound to a degree that led Taine to say: "There is in this country a sudden expansion of public prosperity, similar to that of the Renaissance of Colbert's time. . . . The Emperor understands France and his country better than any of his predecessors." Nor was the high decorative value of music in connection with the approaching festivities of prosperity overlooked.

On April 30, Hector Berlioz's monster "Te Deum" was given at the Church of Saint-Eustache in dual commemoration of the coming opening of the Exposition, and as a thanksgiving service for the Emperor's lucky escape from death by an assassin's bullet a few days before. Berlioz's epic-dramatic tone-picture had originally been planned as a musical apotheosis of the first Napoleon. Its beginning was supposed to represent the moment when Bonaparte, returned from his Italian campaign, enters the cathedral of Notre-Dame, to the chime of bells, waving of banners and thunder of cannon. Berlioz had vainly tried to have it performed, first at the coronation, and then at the wedding, of Napoleon III. At last, with three choirs, aggregating 1050 singers (850 of them children), and an orchestra of 150 men, the great work was given, with an effect which, according to the composer, was "colossal, Babylonian, Ninivetish." Parisian critics, though, claimed that the organ was overwhelmed in its dialogues with the orchestra by explosions of brasses and drums à la Meyerbeer, and other questionable improvements of M. Sax, "that enterprising monopolizer of infernal noises."

Though practically all the crowned heads of Europe had subscribed for the publication of Berlioz's score, the enormous cost of production prevented further performances. At the powerful finale the whole audience involuntarily rose to its feet, and the performance concluded with a march during which the flags of the Crimean Allies were carried to the altar to be blessed by the clergy. It was seldom that the third Napoleon lost a chance to draw all the political profit possible from a musical event.

No musical work could more sonorously and solemnly have prefaced that official Exposition opening of May 15, when Napoleon and Eugénie, on a throne raised against a background of crimson, gold-embroidered velvet, dedicated the monster glass *Palais de l'Industrie* as a sign of the beginning of those fêtes of peace in the midst of war which were to draw to Paris visitors from all parts of the world. And there was other music to spare for all who might be interested. At the *Opéra* Verdi's "Vêpres Siciliennes," with Sophie Cruvelli as Helen, the hapless heroine, the première conducted by the composer, was the outstanding score. At the *Théâtre Lyrique*, Marie Cabel was applauded in Halévy's "Jaguarita l'Indienne," which was followed by Auber's "La Sirène"; and at the *Opéra-Comique*, before brilliant audiences, the Emperor and Empress and a host of notables attending the opening, Auber's "Jenny Bell" was acclaimed.

As suited the Franco-British entente, it was the story of an English foundling, become an opera singer, nobly rejecting her aristocratic lover out of gratitude to his father, the Duke of Greenwich, who had paid for her education. The noble sprig threatening to blow out his brains (?) the Duke allows him to marry the artiste, and all is well. "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," and the inevitable "Partant pour la Syrie" were introduced in the last act. "Partant pour la Syrie" was the French national anthem during the Second Empire, and supplanted the prohibited "Marseillaise." Filial piety and political calculation alike induced Louis Napoleon to raise it to official dignity as the national anthem.

Night by night, while the Exposition lasted, the operas and theatres were filled to overflowing, and thousands thronged to hear the open-air concerts of the military bands which played every evening in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, the Tuileries and the Place Vendôme. And it was on July 5 of the Exposition summer, out on the Champs-Élysées, that Jacques Offenbach—to whose airs the armies of the Second Empire were later to go into action—opened his *Bouffes-Parisiens*, a minuscule open-air theatre whose amusing one-act farces soon drew the whole fashionable world of Paris to "the bonbon-box."

The time of the imperial orgies had not yet arrived. The Empire still affected the idyllic, albeit somewhat artificially; and the *Bouffes* seemed like a return to the pastoral plays Marie Antoinette once had given in Trianon. For Offenbach's three-character farces were witty without being indecent, and lacked the cynicism and sensuousness of the great parody operas which

came later. "Les Deux Aveugles" (The Two Blind Men), a sketch in song and dialogue of two street beggars whose supposed infirmities are exploited to trick the confiding public, first called de Morny's and the Emperor's attention to the composer.

In August came the crowning glory of the Exposition, the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince-Consort Albert of England, and among the many festivities for which it furnished an excuse was a gala performance at the *Opéra*, where Victoria, the *kohinoor* gleaming in her hair, listened to Alboni. The advent of the English royalties threw the visits of the King of Portugal and the King of Sardinia, young Victor-Emmanuel, Napoleon's Crimean ally, altogether in the shade, for it practically marked the acceptance of the French imperial "climbers" as social equals by the greater sovereigns of Europe, and announced that they were no longer to be regarded as "detrimentals."

In September the Exposition closed musically, as it had opened, with the performance of a gigantic score by Hector Berlioz. His cantata "*L'Impériale*," presented by 1200 performers, formed the climax of a number of Exposition mass concerts given in the circus of the Champs-Élysées. To Berlioz, an enthusiastic Bonapartist, the Order of the Red Eagle, which the King of Prussia had bestowed upon him when he had visited Sans-Souci by royal command, meant little compared with the great gold medal bearing his face in profile, which his own emperor had struck for him in acknowledgment of the fact that Berlioz had dedicated "*L'Impériale*" to him; and the inscription: "*L'Empereur Napoleon III à M. Hector Berlioz*," went straight to his heart.

Early in September the Crimean War had virtually come to an end with the storming of the Malakoff by the French. Since the loss of this great redoubt meant the fall of Sebastopol itself, the street singers blossomed out with Robequin's ballad, "*La Prise de la Tour Malakoff*," and Leroy's "*Sous les Murs de Sébastopol*," written in the trenches, became a back number. Eugénie, incidentally, was able to carry out the plans she had formed during her summer residence in St. Cloud; of making the balls of the coming season at the Tuileries more than ordinarily brilliant to commemorate the Empire's first great military success.

The closing scenes of the Exposition—Berlioz's cantata; the distribution of premiums to the winners in the *Palais de l'Industrie* by the Empress, in a crimson velvet robe and pearl tiara, in the presence of 40,000 guests in gala attire, while the band of the Imperial Guard played triumphal music; the return of the imperial pair to the Tuileries in a gilded state coach drawn by eight

milk-white steeds, surrounded by the *Cent-Gardes* in their blue and gold splendor and their great steel helmets—who “with the elegance of the age of Offenbach wore a uniform of the age of Murat”—were followed by splendid entertainments in honor of the young King of Sardinia.

Next came great official musical celebrations of the Crimean victory. There was a *Te Deum* at Notre-Dame, and the cantata “*La Victoire*,” written by Adolphe Adam—at a day’s notice—for gratuitous performance at the *Opéra-Comique* and the *Théâtre Lyrique*, the crowd at the last-named house being so great that soldiers and police had to open a passage for the musicians to enter. Finally, there was the grand entry, with regimental bands playing, of the troops who had stormed Sebastopol, with Marshal Canrobert at their head. It was the first of those splendid entries of victorious soldiers whose picturesqueness lent so much color and emphasis to war that they became one of the Empire’s most popular “public shows,” one which carried the public by storm as it swept along on the tide of the sparkling military marches and quicksteps dear to the French heart. A terrible mass concert of some 4,500 choral singers at the icy *Palais de l’Industrie* in December, at which the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Sardinia nearly froze to death listening to Gounod’s tepid cantata, “*Vive l’Empereur!*” was the climaxing political-musical event of the year.

The years 1856 and 1857 were those years of gold and azure of the *Empire autoritaire* when, despite a government of autocracy pure and simple, France, in general, was content. In March, 1856, Napoleon presided over the Peace Congress which met to settle the Crimean War, and won a diplomatic triumph over the Czar’s envoys, for whom, in guise of consolation, he had Offenbach’s “*Les Deux Aveugles*” performed in the *Salle de Diane*, at the Tuileries. It was in the same month, too, that Eugénie assured the continuance of the dynasty in line of direct descent by giving birth to a Prince Imperial, a happy event which, among other incidental pieces, called forth cantatas by Auber and Adam. The composer-courtiers of the boulevards also wrote special “baptism” numbers, among them Offenbach his one-act bouffe “*Les Dragées du Baptême*.” In June, with the Pope and Queen of Sweden for god-parents (by proxy), the baby prince was carried to Notre-Dame to be baptized, in a coach drawn by eight horses. Again the tide of official music ran high: the regimental bands along the line of procession intoned the national anthem; the great cathedral organ caught up the strain where they left off,

and Bernadine Hamakers, a protégée of de Morny, who had just made her début at the *Opéra*, sang the baptismal mass under the great vaulted dome.

It was a time of peace and prosperity, with the future spreading fair and seemingly untroubled before the imperial couple, a year of excursions without alarms, of millinery and dance-music. The black Emperor of Haiti, Solouque, had with difficulty raised his salary from 150,000 to 200,000 Haitian dollars in 1857—the Haitian dollar was then worth six cents American money—but Napoleon could dip into his imperial treasury and draw forth golden *Napoléons* without counting. Yet, if he spent liberally—to maintain the splendor of his court; for political visits to the Isle of Wight and Stuttgart, to meet respectively Queen Victoria and the Czar of Russia in tête-à-tête; and to entertain Frederick William, the Prussian Crown-Prince, who visited him in Paris—he and his wife also gave liberally to charity. Nor did he count expense in connection with his musical policies.



It was in 1857, too, that Béranger died. He had been an out-and-out democratic singer, a lyricist of liberty, whose poems formed the texts of many favorite songs, whose very name carried music straight to the popular heart. While he lived, the imperial government had had but little use for Béranger, for all that he had praised the nobler side of the first Napoleon. When he died, however, Napoleon III promptly improved the opportunity to identify himself with the singer beloved of the people. Béranger, who had a horror of publicity, had objected to any "public demonstration" at his funeral. But the chance was too good for Napoleon to lose and so, against the wish of the defunct, his body was carried to rest in a splendid procession. There was a huge funeral car with waving plumes of black and white, a company of the *Sergents de la Ville*, a squadron of the *Cuirassiers* of the Imperial Guard, city dignitaries in robes of state, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, in dress uniform and gold epaulets, as the sovereign's personal representative, and a closed imperial mourning coach drawn by four horses. It was the very antithesis of all that was cherished by the soul of the gentle bard whose *chansons* had made the cold marble image of the First Napoleon descend from its pedestal and become the people's friend.

Bernadine Hamakers, already mentioned, was the daughter of a soldier of the First Empire. She was a *prima donna* probably more representative of the Second Empire than Alboni, Patti, Stoss, Frezzolini and others who trod its operatic boards, for the *prima donna* of the Second Empire was judged quite as much by her personal attractions as by her voice. Mlle. Hamakers had been "discovered" by de Morny, a judge of feminine charm as well as of music, and when she first made her bow to an opera audience, "with her lovely blond hair, her white teeth, harmoniously veiled by the rosy shade of her lips," she "looked like a clavier begging to be played." She never sang her famous "page" rôles without accompanying showers of flowers. And she had admirers innumerable, from de Morny, who made it a point to see that her carriage horses—she drove her own victoria in the Bois de Boulogne—were finer than the Emperor's, to old Rossini, at whose home she sang arias from the "Barber of Seville" to the accompaniment of the monophone—an arrangement of musical glasses filled with water, whose crystal sonorities blended well with her sweet but somewhat metallic voice.

She held the favor of the Paris public until her death, and one of her "stunts," as Gilda in "Rigoletto," was to trill, watch in hand, for a full minute or more. The Emperor, remembering that she was the daughter of a veteran of Austerlitz, sent for her after one of her performances, and when she appeared in his box presented her with a parure of emeralds. But though, even when not singing at the *Opéra*, gold continued to flow through her hands, "the Hamakers" was not one of those who tried to take the imperial heart by storm. "He amused himself with me as with a child," she said, "there was nothing serious in his attentions."

In 1857, again, that year of supreme imperial radiance and splendor, music began to mark the change from idyllic luxury to the more cynical sensuousness, the more gorgeous display and more brutal lust for pleasure which, in increasing measure, was to take possession of Second Empire society, high and low. As Guedalla puts it: "They danced at the *Bal Mabille* and *Valentino*, and the town was beginning to sway to the measure which sung and quickened and rose until the Second Empire danced to an air by Offenbach out of the gas-light into the cruel sunshine of 1870." Napoleon and Eugénie appeared with increasing frequency at the new operas and ballets—among the latter a gorgeously staged ballet-version of Auber's "Manon Lescaut," a forerunner of Puccini's opera—which introduced the American note in its

Louisiana Negro dances. De Morny, who had outshone all other ambassadors at the festivals of the Czar's coronation in St. Petersburg—where Colonel Colt, maker of the famous pistol of the "Old Frontier" was also present—had returned to Paris with a young Russian wife of marvelous beauty, the Princess Troubetzkoi (a union of eighteen and fifty-three) and celebrated his new-found happiness with a series of splendid balls and receptions. And a spectacular event of the year was the entry into Paris of the Persian ambassador, Ferouk Khan, magnificent in gold-girdled Kashmir robe and diamond-clasped black Astrakhan cap, on his way to the Tuileries in an imperial carriage surrounded by *Cent-Gardes*.

In the streets and *cafés* the popular songs were growing more unrestrained in tone, to match an increasing social laxity. The rag-picker, the dog-tax, the bearded lady (in one of Thérèse's famous ballads), the joys of the pipe, the daguerreotype, the locomotive, the crinoline, the turning-tables, these homelier subjects, as the Empire grew more and more sophisticated and gluttonous for pleasure, were abandoned for ballads that sang the *grisette*, successor of the *lorette* of the days of Louis-Philippe, and the gold of California, which had for some years been finding its way to the Paris *Bourse*. Gold, gold and pleasure, were the key-notes of the changing character of the times, and at the great fancy-balls at Court, the Empress Eugénie dusted her hair with gold, and the "*beau monde* showered California on its tresses." Even music, pure and colorless in itself, yet so truthfully reflecting its period and surroundings, could not help but take on harder, more brilliantly metallic inflections under the circumstances.

All those dizzy, feverish vibrations of material pleasure, those "rhythms which catch one between marrow and bone," which were to make "Second Empire" and "social corruption" synonyms, with which Offenbach vitalized his "*Vie Parisienne*" and other scores, and which Carpeaux symbolized in his beautiful statuary group before the *Opéra*, of "dancing Bacchantes, drunk with music and motion," swung into gayer oscillation in this year of gold and azure. A dramatic incident, in a way, emphasized this turning-point in the spirit of the times in the very first month of 1857. Monsignor Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, had been assassinated while celebrating high mass in the Church of St.-Étienne, by Verger, a mad priest suspended from his functions for writing a treatise against the Immaculate Conception. When the news reached the Tuileries the imperial couple, of course, gave up its Carnival engagements for the evening. But the

great popular *Bal de l'Opéra*, which had become more frenetic and less restrained, year by year, was too dear to the public heart to be given up. So while the dead Archbishop lay in state, tapers blazing about his bier, half his flock, in Pierrot costumes and laced pantalettes, danced madly until dawn began to color Paris roof-tops.

(To be continued)



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